The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* April *will be noticed in the* May *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th May, *in the* June *number.*

Special Notice.—*Vol. I. of* The Bookman *is now ready, price 4s., handsomely bound. As only a few copies are available, early application is necessary. The publishers reserve the right of raising the price. Cases for binding, price 1s., can also be had.*

NEWS NOTES.

The book of the month is undoubtedly Whymper's 'Travels among the Great Andes,' to be published by Mr. Murray. Over 4,000 copies were subscribed before the day of publication, but as the edition consisted of 3,000, many were unable to obtain their orders. "At last," says our correspondent Δ, "we have got sight of the book we have been expecting for three years. While I am writing these lines (March 15th) in my little den in the 'intervals of business,' Whymper's beautiful volume is being 'subscribed,' and it is quite delightful to look at the array of booksellers' names with the big numbers attached to each of them. Here is the great firm of middlemen taking 2,000 copies, and the retailer boldly risking 200, others 100, others 50. It looks at last as if booksellers were to have a chance after all this spring of taking a hopeful view of business, and that they do not despair of the public becoming purchasers when a good book comes in their way." We learn that a second edition is expected to be ready about Whitsuntide, which will almost certainly be exhausted before publication. The special edition published at three guineas is already at a premium of ten guineas.

Messrs. Chapman and Hall report net profits during the year, £3,165 11s. 10d. Of this £1,400 14s. is spent in paying preference capital dividend at 7 per cent., and £1,600 13s. on ordinary capital dividend at 5 per cent. The legal expenses are set down at the very large sum of £1,161 11s. 4d. The directors observe: "During the year a verdict for £200 damages and costs was given against the Company in a libel action, though it was generally admitted that no blame attached to the Company." This accounts for the diminution in the ordinary dividend.

Mr. J. M. Barrie has left London for Kirriemuir ("Thrums"), where he is to devote himself to his new novel, which will first appear in *Scribner's Magazine*. The date of publication is not yet fixed. Mr. Barrie proposes to make a new departure in this work.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling is still in New York. He will shortly, however, proceed to Japan, taking up his residence in Yokohama. From Yokohama he intends to proceed to Samoa on his visit to Mr. Stevenson.

Mr. Kipling is going to write a series of letters descriptive of his travels for a London daily. These will be published simultaneously in the *New York Sun*, in the *Melbourne Argus*, in India, the Straits Settlements, France, and Germany.

Mr. Kipling's new volume of verses, entitled 'Barrack-room Ballads,' contains, besides the famous songs, a number of poems which have not yet seen the light. Messrs. Macmillan will publish a copyright edition of the book containing these new poems in the United States simultaneously with the issue here by Messrs. Methuen. A poem in memory of his late friend, Mr. Wolcott Balestier, appears in the early part of the book.

Mr. Besant is at present enjoying a holiday at Biarritz. He has lately collected a number of his short stories, and will issue them at an early date through Messrs. Chatto and Windus.

Dr. Conan Doyle is to write a story for *Arrowsmith's Annual* this year. He is at present engaged on a novel of the ordinary three-volume length, which will ultimately see the light in *Harper's Magazine*.

Mr. David Christie Murray has written, and has ready for publication, a novel entitled 'This Fleshly Robe,' in which he deals with the question of Theosophy and satirizes some of its exponents.

Mr. Andrew Lang has already published a 'Red' and a 'Blue' Fairy Book, and we hear that he is now engaged upon another volume of fairy stories for Messrs. Longmans, which is to be issued under the title of 'The Green Fairy Book.' An elaborately-designed picture-cover has been executed. The volume will probably be issued in time for the Christmas trade.

Messrs. J. M. Barrie, W. Clark Russell, and Bret Harte have signed contracts, either personally or through their literary agents, in which they make over to the editors of the *Idler* the serial rights of the next six short stories which they have for disposal. Contracts of a similar nature are also being negotiated with Mr. Walter Besant and Mr. Quiller-Couch. Mr. Jerome will publish in an early number of the *Idler* the first of a series of monthly papers by himself, which will afterwards be collected in a volume to form a companion to his 'Idle Thoughts.'

Mr. Heinemann will shortly publish a volume of addresses by Mr. Henry Irving, which includes his address to Harvard students.

Miss Barlow, whose 'Bogland Studies' has been attracting considerable attention, and whose poem 'The Wrong Man' we publish this month, is the eldest daughter of the Rev. J. W. Barlow, of Raheny, co. Dublin, a Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and the author of a book on 'Eternal Punishment,' which roused some controversy in theological circles thirty years ago. Miss Barlow was born at Clontarf, and has lived in that neighbourhood all her life. As a child at her grandfather's rectory in County Louth she made acquaintance with 'Bogland,' and recently her early impressions were revived during a stay on the shores of Clew Bay in Mayo. It was among the Inishes there she found the scenery for 'Th' Ould Master.'

One of her poems, 'Walled Out,' was by an accident published both in *Cornhill* and in the *Dublin University Review*, a short-lived Irish periodical. Miss Barlow sent it to the latter, but forgot to send her address with the MS., and hearing nothing about it, concluded that it had gone into the waste-paper basket. Some years afterwards she sent it to *Cornhill*, and then, to her consternation, learned from a review that it had already appeared in the Dublin magazine.

In a recent conversation with Mr. Hardy, the novelist was asked why he gave 'Tess' so sad an ending. "For the simple reason," he replied, "that I could not help myself. I hate the optimistic grin which ends a story happily, merely to suit conventional ideas. It raises a far greater horror in me than the honest sadness that comes after tragedy. Many people wrote to me begging to end it well. One old gentleman of eighty implored me to reconcile Tess and Angel. But I could not. They would never have lived happily. Angel was far too fastidious and particular. He would inevitably have thrown her fall in her face. But indeed I had little or nothing to do with it. When I got to the middle of the story, the characters took their fates into their own hands, and I literally had no power."

"Besides," went on Mr. Hardy, "don't you see by her violent death poor Tess makes some reparation for her sins, and so justice is satisfied. I can assure you many of my feminine readers feel that very strongly."

"Don't some people find fault with you for calling Tess a *pure* woman?" "Well, perhaps they do. I consider that she was to all intents and purposes a pure woman till her last fall. Then she was as a mere corpse drifting in the water to her end—an absolutely irresponsible being. No," went on Mr. Hardy in reply to a remark, "I hate *word*-painting. I never try to do it; all I endeavour is to give an *impression* of a scene as it strikes me. For instance, Stonehenge I describe exactly as I saw it on that sad day, when I decided Tess must die—can I ever forget the misery of that day? There was the lowering sky, and the wind booming past the great temple of the Druids; I always go to a place first before attempting to describe it. I went purposely to Winchester that I might know what to say when I described Angel Clare and her sister climbing up the hill to see the black flag run up that was to announce the doom of Tess."

"Are many of your characters from life, Mr. Hardy?" "Oh yes, almost all of them. I knew those three dairy maids as a boy well. The old clergyman was a much-loved vicar in this very neighbourhood. Bathsheba Everdene in 'Far from the Madding Crowd' was my own aunt. Now and again real people with their own names walk into my pages. Do you remember Admiral Hardy in 'The Trumpet Major'? Well, there he is;" and Mr. Hardy pointed to the portrait of a handsome old naval officer that hung upon the wall; "that is Sir Thomas Hardy in whose arms Nelson died; he was a relation of mine. Then 'Shepherd Oak' I knew well when I was a boy." "And you find these simple country people interesting to write about?" "Why, certainly I do. They have far more sentiment and romance than the class above them, which has a struggle ever going on within its ranks for petty social superiority. If you live among these people you will find after a time that variety takes the place of monotony. The people begin to differentiate themselves as in a chemical process. They become beings of many minds, infinite in difference; some happy, many serene, a few depressed, one here and there bright even to genius; some stupid, others wanton, others austere; some mutely Miltonic, some potentially Cromwellian. The men strong heroic souls; the girls dainty heroines. Remember, as I have said, they, or many of them, are the representatives of a magnificent antiquity."

We are sorry to learn that Mr. Theal, whose 'History of South Africa,' issued by Messrs. Sonnenschein, is by far the best and most comprehensive work on the subject (vol. v. was published only last year), has met with a serious misfortune. He writes from Capetown that on Sunday, the 21st of February, in one of the most disastrous fires that ever occurred there, the building in which were the offices of the native affairs department was utterly destroyed. All his completed manuscripts and nearly every note or memorandum that he possessed this side 1847, along with many of his most valuable books and papers, were irretrievably lost. Fortunately he had taken all his notes and memoranda down to October, 1847, to his private residence, and he hopes from them to dovetail the history of the Cape Colony down to the beginning of 1848 into the new edition of the volume on the history of the emigrant Boers. This he hopes to complete in about four months.

The readers of Mr. J. Dykes Campbell's contributions to the *Athenæum* and the *Illustrated London News* will learn with pleasure that he has undertaken an edition of

Coleridge for Messrs. Macmillan. As an authority on the Lake School and the connected literature, Mr. Campbell is easily the first among living students, and he is master besides of a quiet but trenchant and effective style. He has hitherto, however, been more anxious to help other writers than to claim credit for his own work. Mr. Leslie Stephen's article on Coleridge in the 'Dictionary of National Biography' avowedly owes much to Mr. Campbell.

Mr. Quiller-Couch, in the *Speaker* for March 19th, restates his opinion on criticism. He thinks that reviews in history, philosophy, or any branch of science are in this country as a rule surprisingly adequate. The reason is that these are handed to experts. But he says "works of fiction and books of verse are not treated with anything like the same care. For these the editor keeps his own particular band of 'private assassins,' to use Mr. Whistler's phrase."

We shall not inquire too minutely what Mr. Couch means by "private assassins." It may be more profitable to ask him to define an "expert" in the criticism of fiction. Is he to be a novelist? A. and B. are two eminent novelists. Each published recently a most successful story. C., a person of no consequence, who reviews novels, talked to A. about B. and to B. about A. A. cautiously praised B.'s book, but took serious exception to a central incident, and did not think it would compare with others of the same writer's works. B. pronounced a small part of A.'s book excellent; the rest he considered commonplace wherever it was not grotesque. C. listened attentively to these eminent persons, and wrote enthusiastic reviews of both novels.

Was C. a private assassin? No; but a person moderately familiar with literature and life, and particularly familiar with novels. Such are the men who as a rule notice fiction in respectable journals. Yet Mr. Quiller-Couch would say that A. and B. were experts, and that C. was none.

Does he remember Dickens' opinion of the 'Bride of Lammermuir'? And Mr. Gladstone's? Does he not think the latter is right? If so, what becomes of his "expert" theory? The truth is that novels are reviewed by experts in the proper sense of the term, and on the whole with scrupulous fairness. There are attempts at assassination, and there are suicides—there are no assassinations.

The daughter of the late Mr. W. H. Davenport Adams is, we hear, engaged upon an anthology, which will be entitled 'Poets' Praise of Poets.' Its aim is to represent, in a single volume, all the most interesting tributes to poets by poets since the days of King David to the present time.

We hear that the late Rev. Frederick Arnold left behind him an unpublished companion volume to his 'Literary and Clerical Reminiscences.' It contains reminiscences and anecdotes of Mr. Arnold's many years of travel and residence abroad, and should prove an entertaining gossip-book.

Mr. John Coleman, the well-known actor, has written a novel dealing with theatrical life in London and the provinces. It is entitled 'A Rolling Stone that Gathered no Moss,' and contains a trenchant exposure of the treatment which actors and actresses receive at the hands of certain managers.

A correspondent writes to urge the publication in England of the Poems of Sidney Lanier—an undertaking which we should think likely to prove at least barely remunerative.

More Spurgeon publications are announced. In addition to 'Messages for the Multitude,' corrected by the preacher in his last days at Mentone, Messrs. Sonnenschein will add a volume containing hitherto unpublished sermons, expositions, and prayers, to their 'Contemporary Pulpit Library.' Latterly, we believe, all Mr. Spurgeon's prayers and expositions were taken down for his regular publishers, Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, and thus abundant materials are available for additional volumes and for contributions to the *Sword and Trowel*.

Mr. Robert Barr is at present engaged on a one-volume story for *Lippincott's Magazine*.

Mr. Thomas Cobb has written, and has ready for publication, a new detective story, entitled 'The Mystery Solved.'

The members of the Executive Committee of the Lowell Memorial are Mr. Leslie Stephen, Mr. Walter Besant, Sir Frederick Pollock, Mr. Edmund Gosse, and Mr. Augustine Birrell, M.P.

Some interesting letters of Mill have unexpectedly come to light in the *Atlantic Monthly*, January number. They were written to Mr. John Robertson, who was associated with Mill on the *London and Westminster Review* when Mill "financed" that periodical in the Radical interest. The chief point on which the letters throw light is not a very important one except for minute students of our literary history, but for them it has the merit of having hitherto baffled curiosity, and of being the subject of conflicting statements. What was Mill's exact share in the editing of the Review?

In his autobiography Mill speaks as if he had been editor in all but the name. He did not consider it compatible with his position in the India House to be nominally editor, and he had an associate who was ostensibly editor and corresponded with the contributors in his own name. This associate during the latter part of Mill's connection was Mr. Robertson.

On the other hand, Professor Bain, who knew Robertson in his youth, tells us in his Personal Recollections of Mill, that Robertson always represented himself as having had the whole management. And this seems to have been the impression that he gave to his daughter, Mrs. Towers, who has printed the letters in the *Atlantic Monthly*. She quotes a "testimony" from Dr. Channing to "John Robertson's merits as editor of the *London and Westminster Review*," in which it is said that "Mr. Robertson gave a noble character to the *Westminster*."

But the letters themselves are conclusive as to the relations of the parties in this experiment in joint-editing, which is at least as difficult and delicate a form of joint action as collaboration in novel-writing. On the one hand, it would seem that Professor Bain is right in his conjecture that Mill "supervised rather than edited" the Review; while on the other it is perfectly clear, as might have been supposed *a priori*, that the real direction of it came entirely from him. There are several letters about a difference of opinion over an article by Harriet Martineau, and Mill, while extremely courteous and considerate, is explicit enough in insisting upon his right to "veto" according to their "convention." This occurred when Mill bore the expense of the Review, but he reminds his colleague that when "another person" (Sir William Molesworth) was the proprietor, he "looked to me and not to you as responsible for its maintaining a certain character and a certain general spirit." All the letters show how solicitous Mill was about the "character" of the Review.

The bone of contention between the joint-editors was in itself an interesting one, an article by Miss Martineau on the Queen, written immediately after Her Majesty's accession. Robertson, who undoubtedly had an eye for a good topic, had arranged for this without consulting Mill. Apparently the article was in the form of an advice to the girl Sovereign. Mill, between whom and Miss Martineau there was no love lost, as soon as he read the article, expressed the strongest objections to it. His criticism is keen enough to make the old lady turn in her grave. Miss Martineau makes no reference to the incident in her autobiography. Miss Martineau was a good hater, but she did not dislike Mill so much as she disliked Mrs. Taylor, and perhaps this lady's influence was behind Mill's objections to the article.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

George Philip & Son.

Makers of Modern Thought; or, Five Hundred Years' Struggle (A.D. 1200 to A.D. 1699) between Science, Ignorance, and Superstition. By David Nasmith, Q.C., LL.B. (Lond.). 2 vols.

Christopher Columbus. By Clements R. Markham. Vol. VII. of "The World's Great Explorers and Explorations."

Tourists' Art Guide to Europe. By Nancy Bell (N. d'Anvers). Illustrated.

The Development of Africa. By Arthur Silva White. New and cheap edition, revised to date, with fourteen coloured maps.

Dues and Charges on Shipping in Foreign Ports. A Manual of Reference for the use of Shipowners, Shipbrokers, and Shipmasters. By D. Urquhart. New (seventh) edition, enlarged and completely revised by John Green.

The Art of Teaching and Studying Languages. Translated from the French of M. Gouin by Howard Swan, Author of 'Colloquial French, German, and Italian.'

Technical Education in the Counties. What is it? How is it to be carried out? By G. J. Mitchell, B.A., and E. H. Smith, Assoc. R.C.Sc. (Lond.).

Booksellers. The number of private printing presses in England is unfortunately few. The best known are those of William Morris, at Hammersmith, and the Rev. Mr. Daniel, at Oxford. For many years, however, Sir George Sitwell, Bart., has been engaged in printing many interesting papers in connection with his own family history and the history of his county, Derbyshire. As examples of printing the books are of considerable merit, and show some advancement on the average publisher's work.

Another addition to the list of privately printed books is the late Lady Pender's 'Norman and English History during the Eleventh and Twelfth Centuries.' The study of this period of history had long been a favourite occupation of the authoress, and the very beautiful illustrations with which the volume is enriched were selected by her from drawings specially made for the work by the late Keeley Halswelle, R.I., A.R.S.A. The headings of the chapters commencing each reign are from Wyon's great work on the 'Seals of England,' and the initial letters of each chapter are worked in gold. Only 100 copies of this magnificent work have been issued by the publisher, Mr. Douglas, of Edinburgh, and the whole edition is bound in vellum, beautifully tooled, by Zaehnsdorf.

A bibliography of bookplate-literature has just been compiled by Mr. Fincham and Mr. Robert Brown (of the 'Odd Volumes'). The items are arranged in chronological order, and show upwards of 160 books and articles referring to the subject.

The sumptuous catalogue of the Elton Library which has been published by Mr. Bernard Quaritch, and in the compiling of which Mr. Alfred Pollard has been the constant adviser of the owners, is calculated to fill the souls of bibliophiles with delight, or to make them green with envy, according to their temperament. Outsiders who have the chance of turning over the leaves, will be struck by the fact that even for a catalogue it is an unusually readable book. The descriptive notes contain many good things. Here is an announcement in an edition of Crashaw's 'Steps to the Temple' (1646). What a light does it not throw on the amiable relations of authors and readers in olden times! "Reader, there was a sudden mistake ('tis too late to recover it), thou wilt quickly find it out, and I hope as soon passe it over, some of the humane Poems are misplaced amongst the Divine."

And here is a bit of wisdom culled from the first page. It is David Garrick's motto for his book-plate: "La première chose qu'on doit faire quand on a emprunté un livre, c'est de le lire, afin de pouvoir le rendre plutôt."

Journalism. Among the expected guests at the Press Club dinner on April 30th are Lord Randolph Churchill, Sir Charles Russell, and Bret Harte.

The *Standard* is the subject of Mr. H. W. Massingham's article in the April *Leisure Hour*. Justice is done to the able Aberdonian, Mr. A. J. Wilson, who "among city

editors has had the supreme distinction of being the first man to discern the end of the passion for speculation in South American securities which ended in the fall of Baring." Mr. Wilson, who has gained fresh honours as editor of the *Investor's Review*, published by Messrs. Longmans, is the author of at least two novels, which attracted great attention at the time they were published. It might not be fair to name them, but they proved abundantly that city editorship is not incompatible with strong human sympathies.

Nothing but the well-grounded confidence in Mr. Newnes' knowledge of the public taste would save the first number of the *Million* from instant and absolute condemnation. The colour-printing is poor; but the main features are the scantiness of the literary matter and the extreme slovenliness with which it is arranged. The practical question, however, is whether the people are sufficiently attracted by colour pictures to dispense with other attractions. No doubt very great improvements will speedily be made.

The *Daily Chronicle* maintains its literary department with very great spirit, and the result appears in a constantly increasing circulation. Individuality of style on the part of reviewers is encouraged, and the editor can afford to be liberal in the matter of space.

It is stated by the *Manchester Guardian* that the late Professor Freeman frequently contributed to its review department. Professor Freeman must have written more than almost any other of his contemporaries. He was a prompt and painstaking correspondent, always ready to respond to inquiries.

The *Long Quarterly*, published by Mr. Stock, begins with a melodramatic tale by Admiral Hinton. The type is light green—said to be the best for the eyes—and the shape is an exaggeration of the Pseudonym Library—said to be the handiest. Readers will require these inducements, though the story is by no means without ability and character of its own.

Continental. Messrs. Hachette have published in book form the articles recently contributed by M. Victor Cherbuliez to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* under the title of 'L'Art et la Nature.' They contain a serious and interesting examination of the realistic method in fiction.

M. Charles Theuriet has added a valuable contribution to the literature of folk-lore and legend in his 'Traditions populaires du Doubs, du Jura, de la Haute Saône,' recently published by Lechevallier. The district dealt with is perhaps richer in tradition and romance than any other in France.

The third series of M. Emile Montégut's 'Ecrivains modernes de l'Angleterre' has just appeared. The English writers of fiction selected for examination in this issue are Trollope, Kingsley, and Miss Yonge.

M. Francisque Sarcey, the genial French critic, has published a volume of personal recollections, called 'Souvenirs d'âge mûr' (Ollendorff).

The fourth part of M. Albert Sorel's work on 'L'Europe et la Révolution francaise' (Plon) has just been published. It is a work of patient, painstaking erudition, and conceived from a somewhat original point of view, the revolution, according to M. Sorel, being in its course utterly unforeseen and undirected, and with only war for its possible outcome.

French book-lists at present fairly teem with historical studies, the great majority of them dealing more or less directly with the Revolution. One of the most thoughtful and suggestive of those quite recently issued is M. Victor du Bled's 'La société française avant et après 1789' (Calmann Levy).

In M. Félix Alcan's series entitled 'Bibliothèque de Philosophie contemporaine,' a translation of Mr. Lang's 'Myth, Ritual, and Religion' is announced. M. Georges Lyon will contribute a volume on 'La Philosophie de Hobbes,' and Signor Lambroso two, 'Les Applications de l'Anthropologie Criminelle,' and 'Le Crime Politique.'

The same publisher announces the early appearance of two new works interesting to English readers: 'Charles Darwin et ses précurseurs français,' and 'Les continuateurs de Darwin,' both of which will be issued in the 'Bibliothèque scientifique internationale.'

'Looking Backwards' has had many imitators, and even amongst those to whom its ideals have been most antipathetic. A little German work, 'Der Himmel auf Erden in den Jahren 1901 bis 1912" (Leipzig, Grunow), by Emil Gregorovius, provides the antidote to Mr. Bellamy's dream. It is very much in earnest in its warnings against social democracy, and the pictures of murder and famine which reign during the "Heaven on Earth" period are sensational in the highest degree.

The effects of the Anti-Semitic agitation make themselves felt every now and again in modern German fiction. Herr Berg in two recent volumes, 'Der Herr Hofprediger hat gesagt,' and 'Der Mitgiftdoktor,' has contrived with much skill and without any overdue exaggeration to show the ugly and sinister realities of the *Judenhetze*.

A very intelligent study of Ibsen's women has just been published in Germany. Lou Andreas-Salomé is the author, and the title of the book is 'Henrik Ibsen's Frauengestalten. Psychologische Bilder nach seinen sechs Familiendramen.' All the women in 'The Dolls' House,' 'Ghosts,' 'The Wild Duck,' 'Rosmersholm,' 'The Lady from the Sea,' and 'Hedda Gabler,' are critically and appreciatively examined.

'Der Schwarze Conrad, Roman eines modernen Dichter-Vagabunden' (Berlin: Wilhelmi), by Fischer-Sallstein, is the title of a clever little satire on the position and condition of literature at the present day, on the power of the "Name," the powerlessness of obscure worth, and other kindred grievances of the young geniuses of Germany and other countries too.

Students of the Italian drama will find a very complete and interesting survey of its progress and fluctuations in the eighteenth century in Signor Ernesto Masi's study, 'Sulla storia del teatro italiano nel secolo xviii.,' published by Sansoni at Florence some months ago. The five sections contain the result of careful researches with respect to the origin of the modern drama, and interesting notes on Gozzi, Goldoni, and Gamerra.

Among the Rossini literature called out by the recent centenary are a large number of hitherto unpublished letters, 'Lettere inedite e rare,' which have been collected and arranged by Signor Mazzatinti. They date from about 1817 to a month or two before the composer's death in 1868. Perhaps their greatest interest lies in the insight they give into a certain vein of self-depreciation and humility which might have been supposed, to judge by his bearing towards the world, peculiarly alien to his nature, but which some intimate friends were made aware of.

The Padre Blanco has finished the second part of his history of Spanish literature in the nineteenth century. From the monastery of San Lorenzo the reverend father watches closely the world of letters. The literature of the day, with which this volume is mostly concerned, finds in him a somewhat merciless critic, but if allowance be made for exaggerated severity, the book stands alone in the completeness of its survey, and for its marked ability and force.

Another recent book on Spanish literature, on a smaller scale, is D. Ramón D. Perés' 'A Dos Vientos,' the first part of which treats of various Castilian works and masterpieces, while the second deals with the literature of Catalonia.

American.

We hear that the late Miss Emily Dickinson left more than a thousand poems and letters behind her, and that the publication of a volume containing the most interesting of them is now being contemplated by her friends. Two volumes of her posthumous poems have already been issued in America, but only one of them (the first) has been published in England. Emily Dickinson must, to say the least of it, have been unusually eccentric. A friend of hers told a correspondent of The Bookman that Miss Dickinson always dressed in white, both in winter and summer, and that she would sit outside in the hall to listen to music which was being played, for her especial behoof, in the drawing-room. Her way of being intimate with her friends was to write them frequently, but never or rarely to see them, and at one period of her life she even refused to sit on a chair that someone else had occupied. These are trivial personalities, but they are not uninteresting in view of the theory of mental derangement which has been put forward concerning her.

A new and revised edition of Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton's first volume of poems, 'Swallowflights,' is now in preparation, and will be issued shortly.

Messrs. Macmillan will publish 'The Naulahka' in the United States.

Mr. J. M. Barrie's 'Little Minister' was reviewed somewhat coldly by the New York *Nation*. But it turned out that the critic had been using a copy reprinted from *Good Words*, and with the December instalment left out. It has naturally been suggested that the publisher of this edition was a pirate, but if we are right he was not; he was the authorised publisher endeavouring to protect himself. Can a story first published in an English magazine, and not printed simultaneously in the States, have any copyright in America? We doubt it. Zola, who is almost the only notable Frenchman who has used the American copyright law, says he has only copyrighted one book, and will never copyright another, the simultaneous printing having proved so troublesome.

The pirates do some service in clearing up the law, and it is to be hoped that their doings will lead to the abandonment of the irritating clause requiring printing in America as a condition of copyright. Meanwhile American publishers of repute are proceeding with great circumspection.

Mr. G. W. Cable is still lecturing and preaching in California, and we do not hear of any fresh literary work from him.

It may not be generally known that Miss Elizabeth Bisland, Rhoda Broughton's collaborator on 'A Widower Indeed,' is the young lady who, a few years ago, attempted to rival Nellie Bly, the New York *World* special commissioner, in her trip round the world against time. When it was announced by the *World* that Miss Bly would attempt to go round the world in less than eighty days, Mr. Brisbane Walker, the proprietor of the *Cosmopolitan*, conceived the idea of advertising his magazine by getting Miss Bisland to do the same. She travelled from east to west, and would have scored a victory over her enterprising rival but for an unfortunate accident which detained her on the Continent and prevented her from reaching Havre in time to get a fast steamer. She was compelled to go to Queenstown, and there take one of the slow Atlantic liners, arriving in New York a day or two after Miss Bly.

Miss Bisland is a bright, young, southern woman, born and brought up in New Orleans. Owing to the death of her parents, it became necessary for her to earn her own living, and she took to journalistic work on the New Orleans papers, afterwards going to New York, where she became sub-editor of the *Cosmopolitan*. Since her journey round the world, she has spent much time in London contributing special articles to American magazines and newspapers, more particularly to *Harper's Weekly*. Miss Bisland was married a few months ago to Mr. Charles Wetmore, the inventor of the whaleback steamship.

Miscellaneous.

A correspondent writes that to the list of books announced, but never published, should be added four volumes of Messrs. Macmillan's 'English Men of Letters' series: 'Berkeley,' by Professor Huxley; 'Carlyle,' by Sir James Stephen; 'Mill,' by Mr. John Morley; and 'Adam Smith,' by Mr. Leonard Courtney; not to mention Mr. A. J. Balfour's 'Mill,' referred to in a recent Bookman.

THE WRONG MAN.

Where wild-heaped rubble banks the pit-mouth black
He sits half dazed, scarce recking what betid
Since round his gang crashed roof and wall in wrack—
Long since it seems, so slow the murk hours slid,
While, with the hillside for his coffin-lid,
Stifling he cowered, heart-sick and ears astrain
For strokes that now at last his path have rid
Back to blurred noon and mist of bleak March rain.

Groups come and go. A white face, pausing near
As rough girls point her, stares at him distraught,
Then wails: "Not he? Ye've fooled me; Jack baint theer—
Yo' towd me, lass, yo'd seen him safely brought.
Yon? Yon's Bob Smith, a drunken good-for-nought,
Owns wife nor barne t' axe gin he's down or no.
An' Cap'en says t' rest on 'em 'll ne'er be raught—
Nay, t' wrang mon's saved, lass; my mon's lost below."

Poor soul, whose shattered hope no hap shall mend:
Crushed into clay kind heart and strong hand lie.
But this man few had mourned as few befriend;
He thinks so, maybe, as the folk pass by,
Not one face gladder that yon grey-palled sky
Still arches o'er his dole of drudging days
And sparse-strewn pleasures, matched in stall and sty:
Ay, the wrong man for sure, as who gainsays?

A cur unshapely, hunger-pinched, and old,
That makes him halting haste on gaunt legs three,
Comes nigh and nigh with couchings manifold,
Low whining to himself for fearful glee,
Till shagged head rub against the grimy knee,
And pouncing paws. Then watch a dim smile wake
Slow in the listless eyes: "Eh, Grip," says he,
"A be t' roight mon for yo' an' no mistake."

J. BARLOW.

TESS AND ANGEL CLARE.

Deep broods the spell of the great writer's tale—
That vision of despair,
The last of the pure maid of Marlott vale,
The sin of Angel Clare.

In the strained misery of her love she sighed
The shuddering question pale,
Which through the yearning centuries has cried
Its doubt of boon or bale.

And love that was not generous, just, or strong,
Pressed on those guileless lips,
That hungered sweetly and that waited long,
A message of eclipse.

E'en so the dreary unfaith of the time
Freezes the legend fair,
Gives (bleak negation for a trust sublime)
The kiss of Angel Clare.

JOSEPH TRUMAN.

THE CARLYLES AND A SEGMENT OF THEIR CIRCLE:

RECOLLECTIONS AND REFLECTIONS.

CHAPTER VII.

John Forster and John Robertson—Robertson's early career and intimacy with the first Lord Lytton—His connection with John Stuart Mill and the 'London and Westminster Review'—Carlyle, Robertson, and Cromwell—Robertson's later career—Carlyle's advice to a literary aspirant.

AS the biographer of Goldsmith, Dickens, Walter Savage Landor, and as the author of what promised to be, when his death rendered it a fragment, our best life of Swift, to say nothing of his life of Sir John Eliot and other solid contributions, some of them already glanced at, to the history of England in the seventeenth century, or of his agreeable essays on Steele and Defoe, Foote and Churchill, John Forster may be long read and remembered. But probably very few of my readers know even the name of John Robertson, the other journalistic friend of Carlyle, to whom he gave me an introduction simultaneously with that to Forster, and who, though then in far from flourishing circumstances, showed me some active kindness. Mostly forgotten if he now be, Robertson was at one time a stirring man in the periodical and newspaper press of London. A Scotchman, and like Carlyle bred for the Scottish Church, he also like Carlyle broke loose from it, and found a fitful literary career in London. He was a vigorous and vivid writer and talker, and in time became a prominent political contributor to the great Whig organ of those days, the *Morning Chronicle*. From his antecedents he had a knowledge, rare among London journalists, of Scottish ecclesiastical affairs, and it proved useful to him at a time when the controversy which led to the disruption of the Kirk (and in which he strenuously supported the anti-patronage cause) was growing very lively. On this account he was personally introduced to Lord Melbourne, then Prime Minister, who declared that his peace of mind was much less disturbed by the Chartist movement than by "that d—d Scotch Kirk," as he called it in his usual imprecatory fashion. Robertson's talents and political ardour procured him an intimacy with several distinguished literary Liberals, among them Bulwer (or Bulwer Lytton) and John Stuart Mill, whose biographer intimates that Robertson's "impetus and suggestiveness in conversation drew out Mill, who never talked better than he did with him." Robertson had much to tell me of Bulwer, in whom he had discovered a goodness of heart for which few of the famous novelist's literary contemporaries gave him credit. Among other and less commendable traits which Robertson reported to me was Bulwer's fondness for personal metamorphoses, so to speak. One day he would appear in black from top to toe, with a dark-complexioned visage to match. Another day he would be all brown, and on a third he would be all in white, with blonde hair and a fair complexion lighted up by rouge!

Robertson's intimacy with John Stuart Mill gained him a position which made him for a time a man of some importance in London literature, but of which circumstances had deprived him several years before my acquaintance with him. That munificent Radical and free-thinking baronet, Sir William Molesworth, having founded the *London Review*

—of which Carlyle faintly but fruitlessly hoped to be made the editor—after a time bought the *Westminster*, and from his fusion of the two sprang the *London and Westminster Review*. In a few years Molesworth grew wearied of the steady drain upon his purse for the support of the unprofitable periodical. It was then that, as recorded in his Autobiography, Mill, to his cost, was induced to purchase the *London and Westminster*, "mainly," he says, "in reliance on the representations of a young Scotchman of the name of Robertson, who had some ability and information, much industry, and an active, scheming head full of devices for making the review more saleable." Among the proofs of ability which Robertson had given were articles on Shakespeare and Bacon contributed to Sir William Molesworth's *London Review*. Robertson was appointed assistant-editor, but during Mill's proprietorship (1837-40) he appears to have been very much its acting-editor, and inflated by the authority which he was allowed to wield, he gave a good deal of offence to contributors in *esse* and in *posse*. Carlyle, one of whose contributions to the *London and Westminster* was the well-known article on Sir Walter Scott (1838), writes at this time of the wane of his intimacy with Mill, whose "editor," he adds "one Robertson, a burly Aberdeen Scotchman of seven and twenty, full of laughter, vanity, pepticity and hope, amuses me considerably more" than Mill himself. Robertson was very soon to yield Carlyle anything but amusement. According to Mr. Froude, in the December of 1838 Carlyle had agreed with Mill to write for the review an article on Cromwell. Mill went abroad, and Robertson, who was left in undisputed command, informed Carlyle that he need not trouble himself to write about Cromwell, as he himself intended to do Cromwell. Carlyle's indignation was great. He broke off at once his connection with the *London and Westminster*, and began to study Cromwell's life and times as the subject of a possible book. Robertson's article appeared in the *London and Westminster* for October, 1839, in which was also published, perhaps to soothe Carlyle, John Sterling's glowing eulogium on him, referred to in a previous chapter. What is very noticeable in Robertson's article, though neither Mr. Froude nor any one else has noticed it, is that it was the first distinct and emphatic attempt made in the literature of that generation to vindicate Cromwell in all his doings, especially in his expulsion of the Long Parliament, which even Forster had strenuously protested against—and Robertson's Liberalism was quite as "advanced" as Forster's. Some seven years elapsed after the publication of Robertson's really able and eloquent article before the appearance of Carlyle's great work on Cromwell. To Robertson, therefore, belongs the merit, and he was not at all backward in claiming it, of being an earlier and thorough-going vindicator of Cromwell.

Ignorant of the genesis of Robertson's article, the story of which was first told by Mr. Froude, I unwittingly spoke in praise of it to Carlyle. "I never read his trash," Carlyle replied. "I thought it very beautiful," Mrs. Carlyle remarked, a verdict on Robertson's article much juster than her husband's, if his could be called a verdict on an article which he had not read. "Robertson," Carlyle rejoined, "could not form a coherent image of anything." The subject of Robertson being thus broached, Carlyle spoke of a letter which had appeared in some London newspaper, addressed to the then Duke of Buccleuch, and signed "John Robertson, Reform Club." In all likelihood it was an indignant effusion provoked by the Duke's refusal of a site for a projected Free Kirk on one of his Scottish estates. Carlyle gave a long, loud, and scornful laugh at the juxtaposition of the Duke of Buccleuch and "John Robertson, Reform Club." To my unsophisticated mind there seemed nothing to laugh at. The matter was one either of fact or of argument, and in neither case could its rights or its wrongs be in any way affected by the relative social positions of the many-acred Duke of Buccleuch and "John Robertson," who could only hail from the "Reform Club." During the first week of April, 1848—one of great excitement in London—I saw Robertson for the last time, as he was just stepping out of that Reform Club, a particular parade of his membership of which had excited Carlyle's contemptuous merriment. He was on his way to attend a meeting of the Chartist Convention then in session, organising the "demonstration" of the famous 10th of April, the prospect of which, following as it did on the French Revolution of the preceding February, was viewed by the higher and middle classes with great and, as it proved, with needless apprehension. When I told Carlyle of my meeting with Robertson, he said, "Robertson ought to go into the Chartist movement and make it respectable," for Carlyle was then, though only for the time being, in a rather revolutionary mood, as will be told more amply in a future chapter. Robertson did *not* go into the movement with that or any other result, and, without his aid, most of what was essential in the "People's Charter" has since been conceded, or is now being accepted by Respectability in high places. Of Robertson subsequently little or nothing was seen or heard in public. Later in life he made, I believe, a good marriage, and "lived happy ever afterwards." An interesting correspondence between him and Mill relating to the conduct of the *London and Westminster* was published, with elucidations, by Robertson's daughter in the number of the *Atlantic Monthly* for the January of the present year.

While Carlyle, as has been told, practically aided me to start on my enforced journey into the wilderness, he bestowed on me several monitions. One of his most emphatic warnings was against literary vanity. "In literature a man can do nothing worth doing until he has killed his vanity." More appropriate than warnings against indulgence in a vanity which from the nature of the case could not then exist, was an admonition which doubtless he thought to be needed: "Avoid hypochondria, pride, and gloom: they are a waste of faculty." On anything like over-fastidiousness in regard to the nature of the literary employment offered to a beginner, he expressed himself forcibly: "A man is an indestructible fragment of the universe, but, if he wishes to live, he must not be nice." Of deeper import and more lasting value was the wise advice not to mistake "the shriek of self-love" for the voice of conscience. And so I sallied forth into the wide world, fortified by Carlyle's oral monitions, who added, among others, these written words of encouragement: "The heart that remained true to itself never yet found this big universe finally faithless to it."

"Q."

IT is commonly accepted as a sort of law of nature that the boy who does well at school or college can never succeed in creative literature. Success is open to him in other fields. He may become "a potent voice in Parliament," a Chancellor of the Exchequer, a Prime Minister, a Judge, a Bishop. But from original work of high rank in prose or verse, he is debarred, whether by his nature or by his habits. Why it should be so, nobody professes quite to understand. It may be that distinction in prescribed tasks, while it means a qualification to serve the Commonwealth in Church or State, argues a docility of disposition unfavourable to the development of striking character, your interesting man of letters being always more or less of a rebel against tradition. Or it may be that spontaneity, the impulse to free adventure, is broken by successful task-work, and the boy's energies directed into ruts from which he neither can nor cares to enfranchise himself. Or it may simply be that from the first the man of genius is so absorbed in his own proper enjoyments, so overpoweringly engaged in that process of "making himself" to which he was born, that without knowing it he has no time to spare for the ordinary routine. There is room for great variety of speculation in the matter, but the fact itself is commonly supposed to be beyond question. In this, however, as in many other things, Nature is more various than category-ridden man is apt to conclude. It is probably not necessary that a boy should be a "Greek dunce" in order to be an original novelist or poet. The unhappy dux may take heart of grace from the example of "Q."

> "Well has his fair achievement shown
> A worthy meed may yet be won."

Mr. Quiller-Couch—I suppose we may name him—took his First Class in Moderations in due course at Oxford, and was a lecturer in Classics to his College for some time after taking his degree. Yet, while still under thirty, he has written many stories that have a marked individuality, and are certainly far from lacking in force and variety of invention.

I have, indeed, seen it suggested that Mr. Couch hitherto has always seemed to be imitating somebody, and that this is the result of his academic training. This has never struck myself, and I am inclined to think that in those whom it does strike, theory is the mother of observation. In one sense every young writer is an imitator. No man can escape from the fashions and traditions of his time, and even new fashions are developments from old. If stories of adventure had not been in fashion, "Q." would probably not have made his first essay with 'Dead Man's Rock'; and he has written short stories probably not because of any inborn necessity to express himself in this form, but for the simple reason that short stories were in demand. But we do not call a story-teller an imitator unless he follows some model closely in the plan of his story, or the turn of his incidents or his characters, or his vein of reflection on life. In these or any other particulars he may take as many hints as he pleases from his predecessors without forfeiting his claim to originality, so long as the composition as a whole yields an impression of power and freshness. And "Q.'s" stories, to my mind, are thoroughly organic growths, developed from within with a life of their own that assimilates completely whatever it incorporates. Thus Caleb Trotter, in 'Troy Town,' might be said, on the ground of certain superficial resemblances, to be an imitation of Sam Weller. He stands to his simple-minded master, Mr. Fogo, very much in the same relation as Sam Weller to Mr. Pickwick, and he has some of Sam's tricks of phrase. But Caleb develops under his creator's hand till he becomes an individuality as distinct from Sam Weller as Sam Weller is from Corporal Trim or Corporal Trim from Tom Pipes. Even the strange local tales in dialect which "Q." puts into Caleb Trotter's mouth, and which have a certain appearance of deliberate manufacture, are perfectly in character, and help to fill out our impression of Caleb as a Devonian Sam Weller, as distinctively rural as Sam is Cockney. The "astonishing history" of Troy as a whole may have been suggested by Mr. Stevenson's 'Dynamiter,' but the epic or episode is complete in itself, and how unlike to Mr. Stevenson in the breadth of its farcical humour, the homely tenderness of its touches of pathos, and the spacious ingenuity of its invention! It is possible that but for Mr. Stevenson one motive to the inception of 'The Splendid Spur' might have been wanting, but the story as a whole breathes an atmosphere of romance, "an ampler ether, a diviner air," into which Mr. Stevenson, careful, cautious, and sure-footed artist as he is, and delightful companion in his own fields, has never ventured. Delia is Di Vernon, perhaps, but with a difference in her transmigration, Di Vernon's daughter or cousin-german rather than herself. So, if Mr. Couch had never read Tolstoi, he might never have described the battle of Stamford Heath as he has done; but it is not a servile, mechanical imitation—the stir of genuinely realised life is there.

Again, Mr. Couch is manifestly much indebted in the structure of his stories to French originals. But the debt is only for externals; in substance he is as thoroughly English as Fielding or Smollett. He is obviously widely read, and takes a hint of framework or situation where he finds it, but the stuff that he pours into the mould is his own. The sketch, for example, with which the volume of 'Noughts and Crosses' opens, "The Omnibus," has the same framework with one of the sketches in M. Paul Bourget's 'Nouveaux Pastels,' entitled "Un Humble." Both start from the same situation, a crowded omnibus with only one vacant place left, into which drops the subject of the sketch. But how different the two pictures: the bustling, over-driven, drudging itinerant professor whom the Frenchman draws with condescending, half-contemptuous pity, and the fresh boy from the country, bound for the sea, leaving home for the first time. Very different, also, is the reception of the two by their fellow passengers, truly enough conceived in both cases, but very different in spirit. No better illustration could be given of what Mr. Couch owes to French example and what he owes to English blood and tradition; the execution is French in its force and brilliancy and economy of touch, but the substance is English to the core,

He is a realist, in the sense of being a close observer of the "human document." No young writer nowadays can be otherwise. The age demands it, and the critics insist upon it. But what a man sees in life depends upon the eyes that he brings, and the informing spirit behind them. We receive but what we give, and "Q." gives a decided sympathy with the generous emotions. He is as far as possible removed from the pessimistic or cynical observer, whose eye is fascinated by the mean and sordid elements in that "extraordinarily cunning as well as selfish animal" called man, including woman under the generic name. If there is a good point in a character otherwise base, he has no constitutional repugnance to putting it on record. This tendency in him has become more marked in his short stories and sketches, which are often nothing but elucidations and expositions of heroic elements in unlikely combinations. But from the first it was noticeable. Simon Colliver in that prodigal invention of strange horrors, 'Dead Man's Rock,' is a very spirited study of the devil incarnate, but even towards him the author shows a certain relenting tenderness at the end; he is let down softly into idiocy, and a motive for his conduct is suggested that makes him half-human. In 'Troy Town' the unlicked cub Sam Buzza, a careful study from disagreeable nature, is not allowed to disappear till the good-nature latent in the depths of his being is brought to the surface. Nor can we say that Mr. Couch outrages truth to nature in these concessions to the beautiful: they are just as realistic as the unpleasant traits in his personages. It is quite as likely as not that he had a "document" for that surprising occurrence in "The Omnibus," where he makes a matrimonial agent sympathise with forlorn boyhood to the extent of two half-crowns. Even the matrimonial agent has a tear for pity and a hand for charity now and then. It may be rash in a negotiator to calculate upon it, but the novelist should not ignore it, if his aim is to show human life as it is. We often encounter such pleasant surprises in Mr. Couch's pictures of life, and they are none the less realistic as long as he takes such care as he does to observe the proportions of good and bad in his characters. As an observer he seems to have taken for his guide the principle set forth in Wordsworth's Prelude:—

> "Nature for all conditions wants not power
> To consecrate, if we have eyes to see,
> The outside of her creatures, and to breathe
> Grandeur upon the very humblest face
> Of human life."

Observing the world in this spirit, Mr. Couch finds "something divine" even in such an abject specimen of humanity as "These-an-that," the subject of one of his 'Noughts and Crosses.' It is well that this kind of realism should not go without its artistic expression in literature, and of recent years it has found no such powerful exponent as Mr. Couch. This sympathy with the generous emotions is one of his most marked qualities, but looking back upon his work as a whole, its breadth of feeling, opulence of invention, and mastery of expression, there is no man of his age of whom greater things may more confidently be expected.

W. Minto.

A TALK WITH MR. QUILLER-COUCH—"Q."

By Raymond Blathwayt.

FOR so trenchant a critic, so vigorous a story-teller, so experienced a person, Mr. Quiller-Couch struck me as being a very remarkably young man. Tall, pleasant-looking, quiet, and unassuming, he at first gives one the idea of being a country gentleman at his ease, more at home on the moor or the river than a dweller in cities and a wielder of the pen of so ready a writer as he has proved himself to be. Nor, indeed, is such an impression very far from correct, for he told me, after a few minutes, that he detested London, and always longed to be back in his native Cornwall.

We plunged into a discussion on the art of criticism.

"To speak the truth," said Mr. Couch, "I don't profess to be a critic; I infinitely prefer fiction. But as a critic, and as a writer of fiction, too, I must throw in my lot with W. D. Howells, and frankly say that I dislike anonymous criticism exceedingly. Howells perhaps goes too far in saying that English criticism is ill-natured. In the bulk it is fair; it is ill-mannered rather than ill-natured. You see, a critic feels he can say things he would not say if his articles were signed. This perhaps tends to undue licence on the part of certain men."

"But how do you justify the existence of the critic at all, Mr. Couch?" I asked.

"Well," he replied, with a smile, "the only justification for his existence is that criticism is a branch of the art of enjoyment. He tells the people what they are to enjoy. But it is not therefore necessary to blackguard a man. No, I don't think it is possible to 'train' critics; we cannot establish a 'critical' college, or hold 'critical' exams. for professional critics. The question is not Does *he* find enjoyment in his work? so much as Do other people enjoy it? 'The proof of the pudding is in the eating.' Howells starts with *a priori* notions about *truth* being the first necessity for art, and then in this notion he condemns writers. Now, I maintain that you can't stick to the dead level of truth. The artist sees simply or melodramatically according as he has simplicity or melodrama in the back of his eye. Jane Austen is true, and Charles Reade is true, and yet there is no similarity between 'Pride and Prejudice' and 'The Cloister and the Hearth.' There is room for all. The test of an artist's truth is his strength."

"With these decided views, Mr. Couch, I should much like to know what you think is the general trend of English fiction to-day?"

"Well," was the reply, "we are beginning to see the truth of realism. There is more *representation* of life, and less presentation. All this involves an attitude of humility towards nature and the great facts of life. Take Hardy, for instance. See how true he is. In one of his books he tells us he knows what kind of tree it is he is walking under at night, merely by the sound the wind makes rustling through the leaves. There is an indication of humble study of nature. Look at that picture of Alfred Parsons," continued Mr. Couch, for I may mention that at the moment we were seated in Mr. Parsons' studio, "look at that picture of Parsons, and see how true it is to nature. Look at those trees, the sunlight on that upland, the massing of those clouds on

the horizon. That is nature. Hardy and Parsons are wonderfully alike in that respect. But still, whilst you must *represent*, you can't get rid of *presentation*, as Howells urges must be done. A writer cannot get away from himself. I believe myself in no general statement. Each man brings forth his own work, and the critics must find this out."

"Realism undoubtedly is in the air, Mr. Couch; but now in whom do you think the spirit of the age is most developed—who most readily respond to it, men or women?"

"Oh!" he at once replied, "men; they are far more in touch with the age and its requirements. Take Meredith, for instance. No man, or woman either, has made us so thoroughly understand women as he has done, and *that* is the great test of a novelist. Tolstoi's 'War and Peace' is the biggest novel ever written as yet. But Meredith is the greatest amongst the English writers. He is so far ahead in his ideas of women and what they want."

I frankly confessed my barbarity, and told Mr. Couch I could not understand Meredith sufficiently to appreciate him as he deserved. My host complimented me on my outspokenness.

"Well," he said, "as a matter of fact, I think only one or two artists can really understand him. These advanced views of his have really retarded him more than the difficulties of his style. Hardy and Meredith understand women better than any one else, though both Henry James and Howells are very careful students of women also."

"And now for a few moments' chat about your own charming books, Mr. Quiller-Couch."

"Ah! what shall I say? Well, to begin with, I consider 'Noughts and Crosses' the only one to which I attach any real value. My next important work will be, I hope, a continuation of the work I began there. The idea in that book is that of general charity towards all. Especially is that the case in the little sketch I call 'These and That,' in which the man forgives his unfaithful wife. This the critics say is weak—no heroism. It is true to life, though. Most of these sketches," said Mr. Couch, as he took the book down, "are from life, and are founded on something I saw in Cornwall. I have studied these poor people well. Yes, I thoroughly agree with Hardy that that class of society is infinitely fresher, more human, and more romantic than the little peddling grocer brought up in the *Family Herald*. The lower middle classes are in a transition state of culture. We can do nothing with them. In the 'Splendid Spur' I depict this world as a great tilting ground, in which I endeavour to teach self-reliance to all. But I am not much interested in the story of adventure. I much prefer the serious novel."

"And what do you think, Mr. Couch, of the remarkable advent of the Young Man in recent production of fiction?"

"I don't know that the Young Man is altogether responsible for the best work of late years, or I might almost say, months. Last year alone was remarkable for the tremendous spurt in fiction. How can people say that the vogue of the novel is on the wane? Look at 'Our Conquerors,' 'The Scapegoat,' 'Tess,' 'The Little Minister.' It is wonderful. And quite as remarkable it is to notice the manner in which we are getting out of the old conventional groove. To transplant a bad French convention and to defy Mudie, as a year or two ago people were inclined to do, is not good art, nor is it realism. But to produce splendid originality and a clean, healthy realism is to promulgate a new gospel. The outlook is very bright."

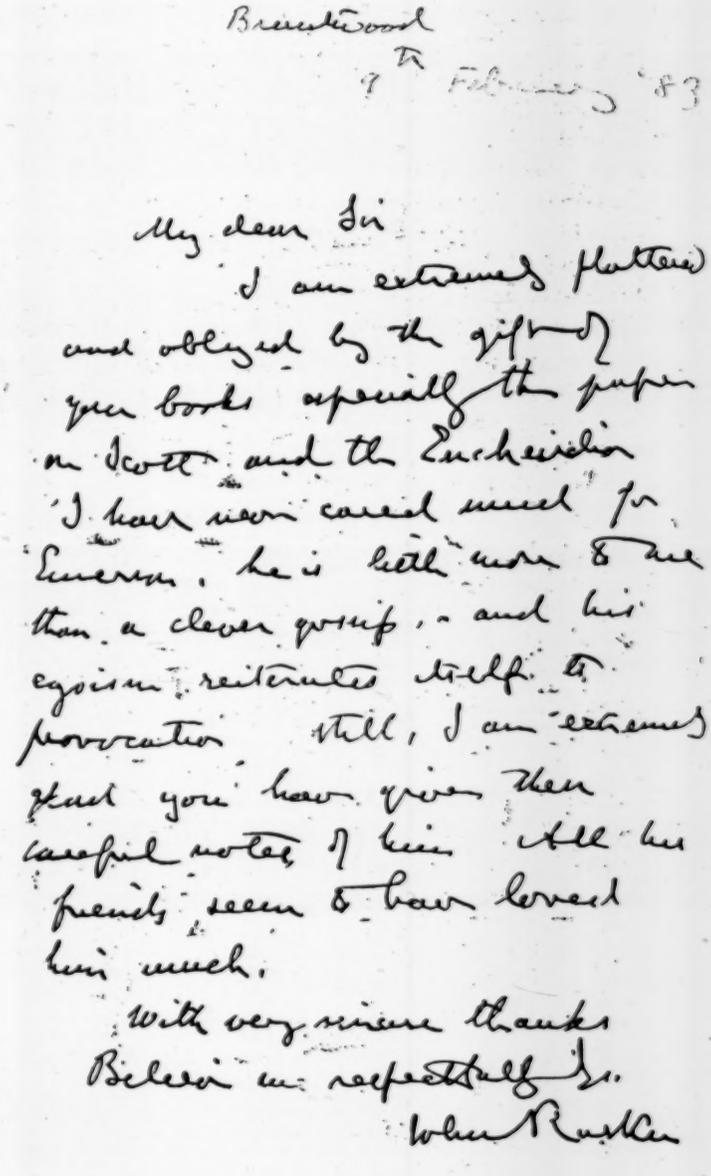
"And yet," I replied, "'The Hansom Cab' has not yet driven away from us."

"Well, no," said Mr. Couch, with a quizzical shake of the head, "'The Hansom Cab' tradition will be always with us, because the Great Big Public is always with us. Nobody can elevate taste, only art. We shall never educate Genteel Philistia. But not all of us live in Philistia, thank goodness."

FAC-SIMILE LETTERS.

I.—Ruskin and Emerson.

UNDER this heading we propose to give from time to time fac-simile letters of permanent literary interest.



Brantwood
7th February '83

My dear Sir

I am extremely flattered and obliged by the gift of your books especially the paper on Scott and the Enchiridion. I have never cared much for Emerson. He is little more to me than a clever gossip, and his egoism reiterated till it's provocative. Still, I am extremely glad you have given them careful notice. All his friends seem to have loved him much.

With very sincere thanks
Believe me respectfully yrs.
John Ruskin

ILSE FRAPAN.

AMONG her own countrymen Ilse Frapan has already made good her claim to an enduring place in literature. But here, though her works now begin to figure in Mr. Mudie's catalogue, she is as yet known only to the few students of German who manage to keep abreast of living writers.

Her home is Hamburg, an unlikely field, it might be thought, from which to reap a harvest of rich quality. For, as in Heine's day, Hamburg still stands out among the cities of Germany as, above all things, a commercial centre, whose inhabitants, after using much high ability upon the making of money, are wont to find their main recreation in the most material forms of expenditure. Yet Ilse Frapan's happiest efforts have been inspired within the walls of her native town.

Up to the present time, as though overpowered by the abundance of her material, and unwilling to let any fragment of it slip through her fingers, she has worked on a small canvas and along many lines. The four or five years of her literary activity have brought forth a picture gallery surprisingly various. Her stories seldom recall one another, and never suggest that either special circumstances or limitations of temperament have restricted her survey of life. This many-sidedness is, perhaps, what one notes as her most distinctive feature. The various sameness that marks the gifted writer of whom a recent notice appeared in these pages, Miss Mary E. Wilkins, does not characterise her German sister of the craft. Ilse Frapan would be less easily identified in her work.

Her mind is emphatically of the objective order. Strong currents of opinion, prejudice, and ingrained association neither ruffle its surface nor, on the other hand, tinge her language with an ineffaceable glow. She has a penetrating eye, a lively sense of humour, and—save for geographical barriers—all earthly experience might be grist to her mill. If her workmanship suggests any direct influence from without, it is, as in the case of Daudet, that of Charles Dickens, whom in her youth she studied with passionate devotion, and whose death she mourned fasting and in a darkened room. One reads his attraction for her by the light of her own tender sympathy with obscure and hard-pressed toilers, a sympathy which finds touching expression in such masterpieces as 'Der Fleetenkieker' (The Refuse-hunter) and 'Die beiden Eulen' (The Two Owls).

A volume, entitled 'Zwischen Elbe und Alster,' contains some of Ilse Frapan's finest work. 'Altmodische Leute' (Old-fashioned Folk), a flawless little gem, describes the sort of blight that is for the time being cast upon the household of two mutually adoring pairs of twins by the accidental intrusion of an unsympathetic outsider. The circumstances of the twins are philistine enough; but by subtlest touches one is made to feel the world of difference that lies between their homely level of refinement and the new-comer's intrinsic, though nowise brutal, vulgarity. One breathes a sigh of real relief when the fatal rock, that must have meant shipwreck to four, if not five, lives, is at length safely passed. An English version of this story and of one other will, we understand, shortly be brought out by Mr. Fisher Unwin in his Pseudonym Library series.

In 'Uns Ida' we have a thrilling, all but tragic, episode out of a fishmonger's life, told with so rare an art that no suggestion of squalor for one moment diverts the mind from the deep pathos of the situation. Yet the picture is highly realistic.

Detail sometimes falls away altogether when the writer pierces with a single thrust to the very core of her subject. In 'Die Liebe ist gerettet' (Love is Rescued), for instance, from first to last no accessory is introduced, and scarcely a word of description. An ugly human act is flung at us—the repudiation of his marriage bond, after twenty wedded years, by a man morbidly yearning to be faithful to the now dead object of his real devotion. Ilse Frapan scarcely indicates her own judgment in the matter. We are left to digest the facts, and philosophize upon them as we will.

Throughout her writings she demands the active co-operation of the reader; and on such as are unwilling to perform their part, she may possibly fail to exert her most potent charm. She never stops to point a moral or criticise the creatures of her fancy, or even to tell us very precisely how they look. There they are, like real men and women in the world, to be lived with, and liked or disliked in varying degrees according to our individual temperament. She furnishes us with abundant data whereon to form our opinion, but lends no directing hand. Of an unmitigated scoundrel in 'Die Last' (The Burden), we read that he takes pleasure in growing flowers. But we are not asked to regard this trait as an indication of better possibilities in his nature; indeed, the plants in his room are crowded together with evidence of his tawdry and worthless disposition. The writer stands calmly aloof. Perhaps, while heightening her artistic power, this aloofness prevents her from establishing the closest of bonds with her reader. She has no words of counsel to give us, no mottoes to head the chapters of our life. Yet we never, in her company, cease to be keenly conscious of a warm and generous nature; and though she affords no direct proof of strong prejudices regarding her persons of the drama, we realise that she speaks from the heart when she writes:

> "Dies kräftige lieben und hassen
> Bin ich! und das sollt ihr mir lassen."

Dialect enters largely into many of the stories. With those that play in Hamburg this is inevitable, for its citizens habitually speak a language peculiar to themselves, educated people even employing many words that would be Greek to the townsfolk of Berlin or Frankfort. Ilse Frapan possesses her local tongue perfectly enough to poke fun at a would-be adept in its use—a worthy doctor who is ambitious to strengthen the confidence of his patients by addressing them in accents familiar to their ear. But dialects have evidently a special interest for her; she has made herself equally at home with that of South Germany, where several years of her later life have been spent. It is there that she has laid the scene of a particularly lovely story, 'Was Gottes wille ist,' in which, curiously enough, occurs a situation that Miss Wilkins has also hit upon in her 'On the Walpole Road.' In both cases the heroine has drifted into a hopelessly unsatisfying engagement, has seen no way to cancel it, and actually stands at the very altar before she can nerve herself to try for liberty. The two methods of treatment are highly

characteristic. One feels sure that the somewhat austere New England writer would not have cared to tell her tale had her heroine not forced herself, from a stern sense of duty, to swallow the bitter pill of a loveless marriage. Ilse Frapan, without shocking our sensibilities or violating any canon of true art, finds a more joyous way out of the dilemma.

It is chiefly with pictures of life in the working-classes that she has hitherto concerned herself. They are real working-folk her men and women, not figures for the stage. In the case of a Dickens or a Balzac, great familiarity, wide acquaintance, with the lives of the masses do not excite surprise. Their possession of such knowledge demands no explanation. But women of gentle upbringing have little chance to come by it; less even, we fancy, in Germany than over here. Ilse Frapan has either had opportunities not generally open to her sex, or there must be in her that same intuitive faculty which enabled George Eliot to produce her memorable ale-house scene without having ever had personal experience of the thing itself. Probably, indeed, this power is part of the equipment of great artists, to whose penetrating vision the outer trappings of class distinctions and other such superficial differences cease to oppose barriers. Like the god-friended heroes of old, they may in all security attempt tasks over which less privileged mortals would be doomed to fail.

In her occasional scenes from a more easy-living section of society, Ilse Frapan at times recalls the magician Tourgueneff, who with a dozen words can flash before us the texture of a mind, its very atmosphere. One thinks of him in 'Die beiden Eulen' during a momentary interview between a "poor devil" of divine unselfishness and some well-groomed clerks in a counting-house. We know those clerks to their depths when, after a minute, we leave them and return into the street. And again in 'Am Feenteich' (At the Fairy Pond), a mere sentence, a passing breath of wind, seems to give us the feel of life in the grand suburban mansion where the story plays.

The authoress's numerous friends and admirers await with anxious interest a more important work than any that has yet issued from her pen. She is known to be now engaged upon her first real novel; its appearance is looked for in the coming autumn.

A BOOKMAN'S RAMBLES.

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

SIR,—The many names of William Brighty Rands cannot have been all forgotten. As "Henry Holbeach," "Matthew Browne," "the author of Lilliput Levee," "George Peard," etc., etc., he did much remarkable work, but his own name, so far as I can ascertain, he used but twice on a title page. After years of search I procured the other day, at the modest price of two shillings, the first of these books. It is entitled 'The Frost upon the Pane: A Christmas Story, edited by W. B. Rands,' and was published in 1854 by Messrs. W. and F. G. Cash. It does not belong to the numerous family of commonplace little stories neatly and prettily told; the construction is very irregular; but there are distinct traces of originality and grace. In the preface a sequel is half promised relating to "poor Desard the artist," but it was never published; and the other volume which bears Mr. Rands' name is an edition of Bloomfield, with a life of the author. This I have hitherto failed to find. I am fairly familiar with his early signed contributions to *Tait* and other defunct magazines, and hope to have ready by-and-by some account of his literary career.

Collectors of Richard Jefferies have been very busy of late, a few copies of his pamphlets having come into the market. Of these the rarest is 'Suez-ide,' published by Messrs. Snow in 1876. Only one copy of this book was known to my informant, and it had gone to America, price £3 3s. The least rare is 'Jack Brass, Emperor of England,' which you can have for about £2 10s. I know one London secondhand bookseller who sold this to another for 1s. 6d. The purchaser sold it to a third bookseller for £2 5s., and he disposed of it to a customer for £3. Jefferies' 'Memoir of the Goddards in North Wilts,' issued by Coate, of Swindon, in 1873, at 1s., is now very scarce. Mr. Edwards, of Marylebone, has, I believe, sold about half-a-dozen copies of this book. A very few prospectuses of a history of Swindon, which Jefferies meant to publish at 1s. 6d., have been preserved, and sell at 5s. In it he promises to narrate among other things "the early state and growth of dissent."

But the most interesting of these early publications is the little book on 'Reporting, Editing, and Authorship,' which he issued in 1873 at 1s., and which now sells at £3.

Mr. Besant, in his otherwise excellent eulogy of Richard Jefferies, has shown unwonted blindness in missing the merits of this little treatise on journalism. It has strong marks of individuality, and there is much prescience in the following: "A great paper is like a Jesuit society—it has spies everywhere. Leading articles in such papers are not the opinions of a single man, but the expression of opinion gathered from a wide circle of influential persons, hence their effect in shaping public views. The principal rule in editing a paper is to insist on every line being readable. The public want no solid cleverness, no prosy compilations, however good in their object. They require amusement." His remarks on the taste of the public in novels are also worth quoting. "At this day that taste is leaving the natural, and fast drifting towards the artificial and the ultra-extraordinary both in sentiment and incident. In this the public has a strong plea. All the plain sentiments of love, all the ordinary plots, are familiar to the veriest school-girl now in this period of cheap literature. Something fresh is wanted. After the weary routine of business, its excitement without sentiment; after even labouring in a good and high and truly intellectual cause; after the railway rattle and dust of life, it is an inexpressible relief to many minds to peruse a novel that amuses them, with something original, startling, out of the common in its action, deed, and thought. We know so much now, we are so used up, we need something new."

An entertaining work which I picked up the other day at Mr. Hill's in Booksellers' Row (3s. 6d.) is the 'Life and Times of Frederick Reynolds,' written by himself. Reynolds was a more or less successful writer of comedies. It is a lively book throughout, but to me its chief interest was in what it tells of the Della Cruscan school, a subject on which it is so difficult to find first-hand information. Topham and Merry are sketched in the volume.

The former, I believe, was the inventor of the name "Della Crusca," though it was first affixed to some verses by the second.

In Guildford I bought recently a first edition of George Macdonald's 'Alec Forbes of Howglen,' three volumes, 3s. 6d. In the same shop was a copy of the first cheap edition of 'Wuthering Heights,' priced 5s. I found it in London two days after marked 9d.

I shall be glad to receive catalogues from second-hand booksellers.—Yours, etc., Claudius Clear.

THE BOOKSELLERS' TRADE DINNER.

A very large and representative gathering of the members and friends of the Booksellers' Provident Institution dined together at the Holborn Restaurant on Saturday evening, March 19th. This was the third dinner of the kind, and was a most pleasant reunion of London publishers and booksellers, many of the best known members of the country trade, and some distinguished men of letters. Mr. Frederick Macmillan presided, and in proposing the toast of "Literature and Science" took occasion to controvert the prevalent notion that an unknown author stood no chance. He stated that his own firm had published twenty-two works during the past year whose authors were previously unknown, these being a selection from 373 MSS., each of which had been read and made the subject of a careful written report. He thought publishers were too anxious to discover an unknown Dickens or Thackeray to allow much chance of a genius being long unrecognised. Canon Ainger responded for Literature. He modestly disclaimed any right to do so, for literature had been, as it were, but a parenthesis in his life, but it had been an unfailing solace and delight. He made a humorous allusion to the discount system as illustrated in the case of a shilling selection from the works of a great poet which he had edited. The public demanded to have it for ninepence—"the too nimble ninepence"—and he found that the bookseller tried to keep it out of sight in the remotest corner and the deepest dungeon on his premises. Mr. J. Norman Lockyer, F.R.S., briefly replied for Science. "Success to the Booksellers' Provident Institution" was proposed by Mr. H. H. Hodgson, who stated that the funds were in a prosperous condition, and that a material increase had been directly traceable to the dinner of last year. Mr. Justin McCarthy was heartily greeted on rising to propose "The Booksellers in Town and Country." In a genial speech, which was greatly relished, he narrated some of his own experiences as a purchaser of cheap novels at second-hand bookstalls. He once had a parcel of these handed to him, of which the first was 'The Wide, Wide World,' and the last a novel of his own. He declined them all, and the bookseller said a gentleman so particular ought to try and write a novel himself. Mr. McCarthy told him he had done that too, and still was not satisfied. Mr. D. B. Friend, of Brighton, in responding for the country trade, glanced at the good old times when he bought a hundred of the guinea edition of Livingstone and other such books, and sold them all at full price. He thought they were greatly indebted to Messrs. Macmillan for introducing the net system, and to Messrs. Longman and others who had followed suit. He found the public quite willing to pay the net price, as he had said already in The Bookman, if the price seemed a fair one. He suggested that some kind of examination should be instituted for booksellers' assistants to test their knowledge of books, so that a more intelligent interest in literature might be fostered in the trade. Mr. Friend's capital speech was followed by one equally good from Mr. Norton Longman, who proposed the "Visitors." In doing so, he gave a humorous sketch of the visitors a publisher has to receive (particularly the pertinacious fair one) by way of contrast to the distinguished guests present that evening. Mr. Longman was glad to bear witness to the spirit of goodwill which animated the different sections of the trade, and was much cheered in the feeling reference which he made to the illness of Mr. Murray. Mr. Edmund Gosse responded in a brilliant speech, and a very successful meeting soon after came to a close.

THE NET SYSTEM.

We have been unable to print all the letters we have received on this subject, but have felt bound to find space for the following, as the experience of Mr. Collins (of Messrs. Cassell and Co.) is a valuable contribution to the discussion.

To the Editor of The Bookman.

Dear Sir,—The existence and extension of the big discount system among booksellers, and the havoc it is making among the middle class in the trade, is so serious that any plan which appears likely to bring about a better state of things is worthy consideration. I have attentively read the letters which have appeared in The Bookman, but in my opinion the proposed remedies all fall short of the mark, or are unworkable. In passing, it may be remarked that the system of giving discount on books for cash is by no means new in the book trade. I remember thirty-five years ago a bookseller in Exeter advertising 2d. in 1s. off for cash; but I think Glasgow led the way some sixteen years since in offering 3d. off—and since then it has spread throughout the kingdom, and not for cash only, but many booksellers tell me they are compelled to allow it off credit also. The evil began, and has been carried on to its present excess, by competition among the booksellers themselves.

Now in looking at the remedies proposed, it is somewhat startling to find that the proposers are all looking to the publishers for the removal of a ruinous system in the trade, which system they (the publishers) had nothing to do with in its beginning nor its continuance, and are in no wise responsible for. The picture is that of the trade sitting still with folded hands and doleful countenances, crying, "O publishers help us out of the bog!" The publishers may well reply with Hercules, "Whip thy horses, and put thy shoulder to the wheel."

For what are the remedies proposed—chiefly the net system. This is all very well, but who is to enforce its general adoption, or continuance if adopted? Oh! the publishers, of course! and to do this all the publishers in the kingdom are expected to unite and work hand in hand—they are to constitute themselves both judge and jury as to offenders or supposed ones—they are to be open to receive all kinds of rumours and reports as to what their clients are doing in any town of the kingdom—they are somehow or other to investigate the truth of the reports—and if not true they are safe to offend, and if true they are to cut off from their ledger a good customer of perhaps twenty or thirty years' standing! All this is involved in the plans suggested of the net system. Now can any reasonable man expect such a plan to work? Whether it may in the millennium I won't say, but it won't work now.

Given, however, that this system is in general use for a time, it would not destroy the spirit of keen competition. Gradually, pushing publishers would be offering some discount to induce sales, and as surely the cutting bookseller would be offering some discount to his customers—human nature would not be changed, and human nature would soon work round to the same point in the future it has reached in the past.

Mr. D. B. Friend says, in referring to credit, which all established booksellers have to give to some extent, "Perhaps, however, a more excellent way would be to add 2d. in the 1s. to the net price if credit is given."

And Mr. A. Iredale boldly advocates an addition of 10 per cent. for credit and trouble, adding, "I would not hesitate to charge it."

Good—it's easy to call spirits, etc., "but will they come when you do call for them?" I ask again, "Is it workable?" How many booksellers in the kingdom would venture to add 10 per cent. to their accounts? And if they did, would they get it? And if Mr. Iredale added 10 per cent. on a six months' account, what would he add for eighteen months?

The only effectual remedy for the disease must, I apprehend, begin and be applied where the disease began, viz., with the trade themselves. This would be accomplished by a Union or Guild of Booksellers in each town, agreeing together to certain conditions as to the retail trade, after taking all the circumstances into consideration. I believe

in some large towns it is already so done, 2d. in 1s. being allowed strictly for cash on stock books at 2s. 6d. and upwards, all below 2s. 6d. being sold at published price. Of course, the objection will be at once raised that such a union is impossible. Impossible, is it? Then, if it's so in a provincial town, how, in the name of all that's honest, can booksellers propose, or suppose it possible, among *all the publishers in the United Kingdom?* It is asking, upon a gigantic scale, of others that which, on a very small scale, they will not do for themselves.

The difficulty, however, I take it, is *not so great* as is imagined. Take any large town, and as a rule it will be found that the number of booksellers necessary to unite together may be counted on the fingers of one hand, or, at all events, both. For the smaller booksellers and better class newsagents, who feel the pinch most severely, will hail any reasonable plan for returning to a fairer state of trade. The whole would be reduced to the formation of a mutual agreement between the few leading booksellers of the town—surely, if entered on in a right way, not an impossibility. If it be, then, for Heaven's sake, don't let them ask a similar thing of the whole publishing world! The uniting together of the trade in self-defence is, I believe, the only solution of the difficulty; and this once done, advantages of many kinds would accrue from the Union.

Apologising for occupying so much of your space,

I am, yours truly,

H. B. COLLINS.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books, in order of demand, as sold between February 15th and March 15th, 1892:—

LONDON, WEST END.

1. Lecky's History of the Eighteenth Century. Reissue. (Longmans and Co.)
2. Liddon. Sermons on Some Words of Christ. (Longmans and Co.)
3. Recollections of a Happy Life. 2 vols. (Macmillan.)
4. J. M. Barrie. The Little Minister. Cheap edition. (Cassell and Co.)
5. G. Meredith. The Tragic Comedians. Edited by Clement Shorter. (Ward, Lock and Co.)
6. Florence Marryat. There is no Death. (Griffith, Farran and Co.)

LONDON, WEST CENTRAL.

1. Grant Allen's Dumaresq's Daughter. 3s. 6d. (Chatto and Windus.)
2. Barrie's Little Minister. 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)
3. Lucy's Faces and Places. 3s. 6d. (Henry.)
4. Mill's Realm of Nature. 5s. (Murray.)
5. Flower's The Horse. 2s. 6d. (K. Paul.)
6. Bierce's In the Midst of Life. 3s. 6d. (Chatto and Windus.)

MANCHESTER.

1. Barrie's Little Minister.
2. Besant's Fifty Years Ago.
3. Newbigging's Lancashire Characters and Places.
4. The Hundred Best Books. (Routledge.)
5. Ashworth's Strange Tales.
6. Remarkable Stories of God's Saving Grace.

LIVERPOOL.

1. Barrie's Little Minister. 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)
2. Annandale's Dictionary. 5s. (Blackie.)
3. W. Black's Novels. 2s. 6d. (Macmillan.)
4. Plea for Liberty. 2s. (Murray.)
5. Lecky's England. 6s. (Longmans.)
6. Andrew Lang's Works. 2s. 6d. (Longmans.)

EDINBURGH, WEST.

1. The Little Minister. By. J. M. Barrie. Cheap edition, 7s. 6d. (Cassell and Co.)
2. Queen Elizabeth. By E. S. Beesly. 2s. 6d. (Macmillan and Co.)
3. The Martyrs of Blantyre. By the Rev. William Robertson. 2s. 6d. (Nisbet.)
4. Mediæval Scotland. By R. M. Cochrane-Patrick. 7s. 6d. (Maclehose.)
5. The Oxford Movement. By the late Dean Church. Cheap edition, 5s. (Macmillan.)
6. Browning as a Philosophical and Religious Teacher. By Professor Henry Jones. 7s. 6d. (Maclehose.)

EDINBURGH.

1. Barrie's Little Minister. 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)
2. Lecky's England, vols. i., ii., iii. 6s. (Longmans.)
3. Gardiner's Student's History of England. 12s. (Longmans.)
4. Statesman's Year Book, 1892. 10s. 6d. (Macmillan.)
5. Boyd's Twenty-five Years at St. Andrews, vol. i. 12s. (Longman
6. Davidson on Ezekiel. 5s. (Cambridge Press.)

DUBLIN.

1. Montgomery's Early Native Poetry of Ireland.
2. Barrie's The Little Minister.
3. Fitzpatrick's Secret Service under Pitt.
4. Kirkpatrick's Divine Library of Old Testament.
5. Mahaffy's Problems in Greek History.
6. Doyle's Story of Raffles Haw.

BRADFORD (YORKS).

1. The Little Minister. Barrie. 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)
2. Fiat Lux. "Philosophus." 5s. (Simpkin, Marshall.)
3. Spurgeon's Life. Shindler. 2s. 6d. (Passmore and Alabaster.)
4. Khaled. Crawford. 6s. (Macmillan.)
5. Statesman's Year Book. 10s. 6d. (Macmillan.)
6. Old Friends. Lang. 2s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)
7. Economics of Industry. Marshall. New edition, 3s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

ABERDEEN.

1. Sabatier's St. Paul.
2. Lees' Sheriff-Court Practice. New edition.
3. The Martyrs of Blantyre, by Rev. Wm. Robertson.
4. The Golden Treasury Series. Re-issue.
5. George Macdonald's Novels. Cheaper edition.
6. William Black's Novels. Cheaper edition.

BURNLEY.

1. Pendlebury's Arithmetic. 4s. 6d. (Deighton, Bell and Co., Cambridge.)
2. Evan Daniel, M.A. The Grammar, History, and Derivation of the English Language. 5s. (National Society's Depository, 1891.)
3. Professor Meiklejohn's History of England and Great Britain. 4s. 6d. (A. M. Holden, St. Andrews.)
4. Selections from R. Browning. 1s. (Smith, Elder and Co.)
5. Lily of the Arno, by Virginia W. Johnson. 12s. 6d. (Gay and Bird.)
6. Annandale's Concise Dictionary of the English Language. 5s. (Blackie and Son.)

We guarantee the authenticity of the above lists as supplied to us by leading booksellers.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF A BOOKMAN IN AMERICA.

THE great impression that a bookman receives on visiting the United States for the first time is that bookmaking and bookselling is a far more important branch of business in America than at home. The book stores are laid out on a colossal plan, and one finds in them specimens of the highest pitch of perfection, as well as of the lowest stage of degradation, of the art and mystery of making books. The establishments of Messrs. Scribner's, Putnam's, Brentano's

(recently burnt out, by the way), Dutton and Co., Dodd and Mead, Jas. Pott and Co., and others, in New York; of Lippincott's, Wanamaker's, and Porter and Coates, in Philadelphia; of McClurg's, in Chicago, far surpass anything in extent and effective display that we can show on this side of the water. In going through the States one sees literally acres of books laid out to tempt the purchasers who for the few days before Christmas besiege the book shops. At the entrance to the book department of John Wanamaker's marvellous establishment in Philadelphia, there was erected a few weeks ago a monument of the books of George Henty at least six feet cube—a sight to rejoice the author's heart if they had not been pirated editions! There had been a fight between rival reprinters on the Henty books; Wanamaker's shrewd buyer, Mr. Snyder, had got a corner on one of the competing editions, and was "booming them for all they were worth." During the Christmas week there were 205 assistants employed in the Book Department.

Like nearly everything else, books fetch higher prices in America than in England, and, as a consequence, better salaries are paid and a more intelligent and educated class of "salesmen" and "salesladies" is employed. In a vast and comparatively new country like America, where fresh fortunes are made every day, there is naturally greater scope for a certain kind of bookselling than in the older countries. When a man makes his pile and builds his house, he must furnish it, and part of his furniture is the books in his library. Hence sets of standard authors, both in extra bindings and in cloth, sell to an enormously greater extent in America than on this side. Books are often bought actually by the yard, and Mr. Campion, the able and astute buyer for Porter and Coates, as well as others, can tell many an excellent story of ignorant *parvenus* who, at the instigation of their wives or their daughters, have stocked their libraries with as little knowledge and discrimination as the average American stocks his wine cellar, and that is saying a great deal. Then at the other end of the scale, everybody reads in America, and everybody has been reading for years, while our lower classes have been fighting for the right to learn to read. Hence cheap books in paper covers have been and are produced and sold in thousands of thousands. Of course the absence of international copyright and competition among rival reprinters has helped this, but there must have been both demand and supply to bring about the condition of things in that we see America to-day.

It is often difficult in England to tell in juvenile books, for example, where the book proper ends and the toy begins, but it is still more so in America. Many charming American notions in decorating exteriors of books could not be utilised here, because of the climate, which makes our booksellers shy of stocking anything which would soil easily; but many useful lessons might be learned from the way in which sets of books are put up in America, and the means by which dainty, beautiful bindings are protected by almost equally beautiful but less easily soiled envelopes.

It is interesting to note that what are known as "extra-illustrated" or "graingerised" sets of books are greatly in demand in the States, and fetch sometimes extravagantly high prices. Some firms, I believe, have people in London and on the Continent constantly employed in finding materials for this class of goods, and many others send over buyers on special missions to hunt for extra-illustrated books, or for the illustrations with which to "graingerise" them.

The degradation of bookmaking and bookselling has, I trust, touched bottom in America. We all remember the 'Robert Elsmere' and the cake of soap episode, and the spirit which prompted this scheme is still active everywhere. Some of the productions in the shape of "board-books" for juveniles are marvels of book manufacture. Old woodcuts shamelessly made to do duty with utterly unsuitable letterpress, and printed on wood-pulp paper in execrable style, put up in coloured covers in imitation of "fine art" books, are sold at prices which are incomprehensibly and ridiculously low, and are disposed of in enormous quantities in the dry goods stores, to the great hurt of the better class of books for children.

But let me turn to some of the pleasanter of my recollections. I can never forget the cordial welcome that was accorded to me by every one of the publishers and bookmen of America, where every one is perfectly and almost immediately accessible. It is curious to remark how everything in business is done much more openly in America than here. There is less reticence about one's own and each other's affairs than in the old country. At the Aldine Club, in Lafayette Place, which is pretty well the centre of the book trade in New York, most of the publishers meet daily at lunch, and a very pleasant and useful little club it is. Not far off is the Sinclair House, where most of the assistants and travellers, when they are at home, meet at lunch-time. The mention of travellers leads me to the subject of commercial travelling in America. At the appointed seasons they go out literally in droves, generally stopping at the same hotels, and it was my good fortune to do some travelling in the States in the company of the last flying detachment which scoured the country during November to pick up such crumbs in the way of orders as were to be found before the Christmas rush began. At an hotel in a certain city I found myself on a floor where the bookmen were all in one corridor, which I promptly named "Booksellers' Row." Here were John Black, of McLoughlin Bros.; H. Reed, of Routledge's; A. E. Turner, of Cassell's; Mr. Houghton, of Houghton, Mifflin and Co.; Mr. Brewer, of Scribner's; Mr. Epping, of E. and J. B. Young and Co.; Mr. Ballard, of E. P. Dutton and Co.; S. Barling, of Nelson's; Mr. Metcalfe, of Jas. Pott and Co., with many others whose names I do not recall; and a brighter, smarter, more energetic set of men I cannot hope to see—keen in competition, active rivals of each other, yet all good friends, and as full of life and fun, as of business "go" and capacity. The traveller in America does not take his samples to his customers, but organises a display of his wares in his room at the hotel, and gets his clients to come there to see them and make up his orders. Some of these displays are really very pretty and effective, and as in many towns long stays have often to be made, much pains is taken with the "lay out."

Before I close I would like to commend to the attention of their English brother knights of the road an organisation which would be well worthy of imitation. I mean the Brotherhood of Commercial Travellers, an institution which

with no paid officials, no rent to pay, and very little expenses of administration, provides a substantial sum for the widow of any member at his death, payable at once without any formality, and levied in such a manner as to be scarcely felt by the individual members when these sad but inevitable events occur. The obligation and duty of membership is simply to contribute one dollar on being notified of the death of any member. There is always one subscription in hand, so that there is no waiting to realise the sum, which, as the membership numbers several hundreds, is a considerable one.

YOUNG OXFORD IN JOURNALISM.

IN the early pages of his Conversations of Goethe, Eckermann tells us with delightful simplicity how he first made the acquaintance of the poet. He was fresh from the university, and equipped with a manuscript of "theoretical essays on poetry." "A very young man, this," we say to ourselves, and we say it again when we find a little later that the manuscript was aggravated by "a light sketch of my life and culture," which was duly enclosed and forwarded with the rest to the illustrious man. It says much for Goethe that he read the manuscript, "theoretical essays," "light sketch," and all, and having done so, granted an interview to their author. Eckermann is surely the type and symbol of young Oxford on the threshold of a literary career. But with Eckermann, unfortunately, the analogy ends. There are no Goethes to play the other part. That part is nowadays taken by the newspaper proprietor, and his taste but rarely rises either to the "theoretical essay" or to the "light sketch of life and culture."

But young Oxford knows nothing of the newspaper proprietor. He is confident that he can write, and that is all. Was he not the author of that brilliant satire, in the manner of Herodotus, upon the domestic customs of married dons? Did he not enrich the magazine with those famous paragraphs, all crisp and crackling with Attic salt, which roused a public of professors into a kind of classical fury? Besides, is not young Oxford, in the persons of Messrs. Buckle, Cook, Lowe and others, editing and controlling the newspapers of London? And how badly, in his judgment, they do it. That leader this morning! what a lost opportunity! how brilliantly it might have been done. And then, careers are so scarce. What is to become of a young man with no capital but that unrealisable asset known as a first in greats? Fellowships are scarce, schoolmastering is tame, the civil service is closed, the bar means starvation. But journalism is open to the whole world, and looked at from afar, it seems to lead somehow to fame, to be associated with the mysteries and glories of public life, and above all, needs no training. So the young man's fancy lightly turns to writing for the press. The assurances of friends, the unanimous testimony of tutors and examiners that "he has a style," all point the same way. No one has ever told him how the proprietor of a great London newspaper went once to the head of an Oxford College, and asked him to recommend a suitable young man for his staff. The dignitary in question suggested half-a-dozen, commending one for his scholarship, another for his style, and another for his knowledge of history and literature. "No, no, none of these," was the impatient reply, "I want a young man who can write good sense in rather bombastic language." Now young Oxford loves paradox, and likes especially to think that his style is terse.

The next step, and not a difficult one, is to obtain an introduction to a newspaper proprietor or editor. Young Oxford goes with a light heart, and with a certain sense that he is conferring a favour. A man with his record must be an addition to any staff. As yet he shares the infirmity, common to university residents, of considering an undergraduate career the climax of existence. He has seen scores of good men well advanced in years, whose title to tame rests wholly upon a series of examination papers which they did at twenty-one, or whose failure to obtain a certain class is still whispered after many years as the wreck of a life. All at once he discovers that this writ will not run. The proprietor talks of training and experience. He is positively mercenary. Perhaps he is polite enough to call the youth promising—of all words the most galling to young Oxford—but sometimes the dialogue works out as follows: "I buy copy and you sell it. What have you got to offer? I don't care whether you are a doctor of philosophy in the University of Kamskatchka, or a senior wrangler of Oxford" (they generally think senior wranglers are made at Oxford). "Give me good copy, and I'll buy it. Give me bad copy, and it'll go into the waste-paper basket. What can you do?" Answer, generally, a confused murmur about art and literature. And indeed it is formidable enough to be thus summarily brought down from the general to the particular. But it gives him a new idea about his proposed profession, and if he is a youth of sense, he will go back and think it out. A little reflection will make him less confident about his ability to instruct a hundred thousand readers every morning. That is the first and most necessary step. There is no appointment for him yet awhile, perhaps, if he remains in London, not for many years. He may think himself well off if he gets an invitation to contribute to a newspaper of good standing. At first it will be all in the dark—blind shots at a mark of shifting position and unknown dimensions—and after Oxford it will seem very poor fun. But let him persevere with the best heart he can, watching the fragments that emerge in print, and discovering by degrees what his editor wants. Gradually, and perhaps painfully, he will learn his first chief lesson, which is to supply not what is learned nor always what is clever, but what is appropriate.

But suppose he goes to the provinces. He will find the country proprietor even less impressed by his undergraduate achievements. "I think you will get over it, in time, but it takes time," said a well-known proprietor to a distinguished young graduate for whom he had found a place on his staff. "It" was the young man's university education, and the proprietor spoke with the air of a physician encouraging a patient after a severe illness. And, to be candid, there is something in the proprietor's point of view. Whatever its other merits, a public school and university education will not have given the Oxford man that experience of life which other young men will possibly have acquired by the time they are twenty-two or twenty-three. The people whom he knows are mainly schoolmasters, dons, and undergraduates. Commerce and business are a solemn mystery to him. His

conception of the working-man is often, as Professor Smith very wittily said, a hasty generalisation from his scout, and his conception of the public which reads newspapers a hasty generalisation from himself. It is so difficult to understand at first that the majority of mankind has not read for honour greats. The young graduate above referred to once wrote an article for a provincial paper on King Thebaw of Burmah, wherein a striking historical parallel was drawn between that monarch and Jugurtha. But it had to be telegraphed and set up at the far end by compositors who knew nothing of Sallust. They made a sad mess of it between them, and the article as it was delivered to the public was a glorious confusion about a certain "Jug Arthur."

Someone has said that an Oxford Common Room is a place where no one dare say anything for fear they shouldn't say something clever. There is a grain of truth to three grains of malice in the description. The young don sometimes seems to think that the first, if not the only, object of speech and writing is to score off his neighbour. But this for a journalist, and above all for a provincial journalist, is a rather dangerous habit. The average newspaper proprietor likes his occasional contributors to be clever, but his regular hands to be safe and sensible men, who will keep on good terms with their readers. "Never score off stupid people" was the sole piece of advice which an old journalist thought necessary to give the youthful leader-writer to whom he was surrendering his post. It was unheeded. The young man triumphed daily over the whole town with a reckless gaiety which delighted himself, amused a few, mystified many, and offended most. Brilliant undergraduate chaff, no doubt, at which in Oxford the victim would have laughed with the rest. But in Eatanswill the victims resented it, and the public which enjoyed the swashbuckling of the rival gazette could make nothing of this academic wit. Hence with some proprietors it has become a maxim that clever men ruin more newspapers than stupid ones. The clever man cannot suppress himself. If he writes "we," it is merely a double "I." It takes him years to discover that a large proportion of readers will only glance at his observations when they have exhausted the news columns. His anxiety is how to produce an effect instead of how to produce a result, how to make a reputation for himself instead of how to make his paper an influence. Such a man, if placed in the position of editor, will not realise either the true importance of his work or the responsibility which attaches to him as mentor and critic to a whole community. It is because Oxford occasionally produces these clever, irresponsible persons that the provincial newspaper world looks with some suspicion upon the university journalist.

Yet, when all is said, young Oxford enters the profession with advantages which must tell some day, if he goes the right way to work. In spite of many faults, the Oxford final schools provide a foundation for a literary career of which no university in the world can give the equal. But the Oxford man has certain special things to learn. These chiefly—that journalism is a profession which has to be learnt like any other, that it is not all or chiefly the writing of leading articles, that it demands knowledge of the world and other kinds of information than are to be found in books. In London he will have to find his own level and buy his experience. But there is no reason why the university man should not more frequently find a career in provincial journalism. It is quite as honourable and in many ways more important than the career of schoolmaster or clergyman. Young Oxford can bring to the provinces something which the provinces have not and which they need, but he must be ready to take what the provinces can give him in return. There must be no attitudes towards "these illiterate people," but as quick a recognition as possible of the fact that the ability which goes out into the life and commerce of a big town is quite as important to the world as that which is spent upon books. Let him resist that score, smother that quotation, and devote himself to the local markets. So he will learn to write good sense, and perhaps also to forget how exceedingly clever he was in those old days at the Union or at the Essay Society.

NEW BOOKS.

HISTORICAL ESSAYS.*

The fourth series of Professor Freeman's Historical Essays, though somewhat inferior in sustained power to the other three, is nevertheless a weighty and welcome accession to them, full of fresh, open-eyed observation in many fields, and of varied stimulus to the student of history. No doubt we learn again some lessons with which we were not unfamiliar; for the Regius Professor of Oxford is one of those who decline to leave the thrice-slaughtered error any chance of renewing its vitality. But the pieces are all reprints of articles often more than twenty years old, and the Teutonic vigour with which a variety of antagonists, from the House of Austria to the University Commission and the defenders of the Channel Tunnel, are assailed or reflected on, had once a zest which, it must be allowed, it does not altogether retain. In dealing with the last question, indeed, Professor Freeman virtually transcends the limits indicated in his title, and gives us not a Historical Essay, but a political pamphlet. True, the politics are deduced from history; but surely there never was a more palpable failure to apply the potent historical lever in the right place than this fulmination against the proposal to pass under instead of over the Straits of Dover, based on a laborious proof that England is and has always been an island, and that its insularity is the condition of its greatness. However, the weakness of this paper hangs closely together with a quality which is the source of much of Professor Freeman's most brilliant and memorable work—his vivid apprehension of the continuous organic unity of which "insularity" is only a negative symptom. The hard-hitting at those who would admit "Romanitas" by a subterranean passage into Kent is only a last phase of the historian's more potent vindication of the continuity of Teutonic England; a slightly eccentric application of his unrivalled breadth and depth of vision into the forces which have guided the making of Europe. It is this quality, too, which is a main source of Professor Freeman's predilection for the study of towns. A characteristic sentence in the preface to the present volume takes to task with humorous asperity a newspaper critic who opined that the paper on Périgueux and Cahors was "too learned for a holiday article." "I am not sure that I grasp the definition of a 'holiday article'; but I learned that there are minds which cannot understand that the tracing out of the features and history of a city may be as truly a scientific business to one man as the study of the surrounding *flora* and *fauna* is to another." Cities are, in truth, in Mr. Freeman's hands living things, whose life history he unravels and sets forth with the equally diffused interest of the biologist to whom all life has meaning, rather than with the antiquarian's

* 'Historical Essays.' By E. A. Freeman. Fourth series. (Macmillan.)

narrow indifference to whatever is not old. The charming essay on French and English towns develops a contrast of the biological order between the normal French city with its continuous growth from the Gaulish hill-fort to the "local capital" of to-day, and the comparatively recent English city of similar size. The more special studies, Aix, Autun, Orange, and Périgueux and Cahors already mentioned, belong to the same class as the masterly papers in the third series on Ravenna, Trier, Spalato, Palermo. In various measures, they all exhibit the same fruitful combination of minuteness and breadth, the same quick eye for detail, the same fertility in far-reaching and luminous analogies, the same aptness in interpreting history by architecture, and architecture by history, the same boyish zest in exploring by-ways and unearthing hidden relics, the same flashes of pugnacity in telling the tale of final submergence and decay. The opening study on Carthage, too, though the fruit only of a brief excursion from the headquarters of investigation in Sicily, supplies what the modern reader chiefly desires to know about the wonderful city of which only the youth was cut short by the fateful *Delenda est Carthago*. To-day indeed there is little left, and Mr. Freeman gives a vivid picture of the two solitary pools, once the merchant and the war-haven, between which a wild animal crossed his path, "the only free mammal I have ever seen in Sicily or in Africa"; and the Bozrah, the acropolis of Carthage and hill of St. Lewis, overlooking them—topped with the new cathedral of the French metropolitan. Of a different character are the studies, at the close of the volume, on Nobility and the House of Lords, both solid pieces of work; the "Case of the Deanery of Exeter" is a striking summary of one of those curious incidents which lie in the border between law and history, and retain a value for the historian even when, as in this instance, they have become obsolete for the lawyer. The paper on the Lords of Ardres is, almost alone in the volume, mainly biographical; it is an attractive and amusing narrative, based on the chronicle of Lambert, priest of the church of Ardres, and strewn with suggestive hints on custom, folk-lore, and language, though absolutely wanting in the traces of local study on the spot—this being, as Mr. Freeman confesses in a note, "the only paper on a local subject that I have ever written without seeing the place." Not that Ardres lies off the beaten track; on the contrary, it is close to Calais; but this apparent advantage has been its misfortune, for "at Calais one always wants to go on, one way or the other," and the historian's footfall, familiar at Cahors and at Carthage, remains unknown at Ardres. However, this single exception is in reality rather an attestation of the unwearied energy which is Mr. Freeman's habit, and to which the readers of the present, as of former volumes, owe so much instruction of a kind not common in books.

The above was written, as our readers will anticipate, before the announcement of Freeman's sudden and lamented death. We leave it, however, as it stands. Struck down in his vigorous prime, with his giant energy still unimpaired, it is difficult to speak of him as dead; and, hearty scorner of conventions as he was, he would have been the last of men to wish language once used of him to be modified because he is, unhappily, no longer a living contemporary. C. H. HERFORD.

A HISTORY OF THE BRITISH PLATFORM.*

Mr. Jephson's book is like his subject—full, flowing, well-meaning, superfluous and sonorous, and swelling out behind, after the manner of Dr. Parr's wig with its boundless convexity of frizz, into two large volumes. As an historical work—"the first history of the platform which has ever been written"—it is indeed timely and useful. But in the region of statement and definition it is exasperatingly slipshod. Before entering on the present century, for example, he proposes to inquire, "First, how far were public meetings permitted by the law? Second, what sort of meetings were considered legal? and Third, how far was speech free at public meetings?" Seven pages are devoted to the two first questions, without an answer being given to either; and it is only under the third head, and incidentally, that we learn from Lord Thurlow that even then "it was the glory of the English law that there was no *previous* restraint on the people in the exercise of the privilege of meeting." It was not so, and it is not so, in the rest of Europe. The English privilege, added the burly Chancellor, stands precisely on the same ground with the freedom of the press; and that, according to Blackstone, consists "in laying no *previous* restraints upon publications," leaving people to be afterwards brought before a jury for what they have either written or said. It is unfortunate that a native, and still more a foreign reader of this work, turning to the precise sections where he might expect a full account of the great distinction which subsists now, as it subsisted then, between the jurisprudence of England and that of the Continent on the subject of the platform, should find it wholly omitted where it ought to be found. No doubt, Mr. Jephson says, the third question, that of the legality or illegality of the language used at meetings, "even more immediately concerns the platform than the other two," which deal with what meetings are legal. But that is a mistake. The legality or illegality of a man's language has nothing to do with its being spoken on a platform, or anywhere else, or even with its being spoken at all. Spoken or written, the law of libel or of sedition is the same; it deals *ex post facto* with what the law *préalablement* permits the Englishman to utter; and it deals with it ordinarily without inquiring whether it was uttered on a platform, a race-course, or a boat-house, or in the columns of an evening journal. A good deal, consequently, of what our author advances is not law of public meeting at all, but rather part of such a general subject as Mr. Paterson discusses in his more philosophical and more accurate commentaries on the *Liberty of the Press, Speech, and Worship*.

But while Mr. Jephson is not strong on the side of abstractions, he is quite entitled to ignore them, and to unfold for us the rise and progress of that concrete thread in the web of our very concrete history which every one knows as the platform. For the first time we have here a full account of the attempts which have been made to alter the common law of England, by "previous" statutory restraints even upon the very power of meeting. The "Two Acts," the "Four Acts," and the "Six Acts," all between 1790 and 1820, but all now repealed or terminated, mark the successive lowest tide-marks of England's great reaction. It has swelled up in this century beyond all the bounds of party. And our author is right in drawing into his subject the new question of the platform as a means of democratic government. This is a matter in which, of course, it must make a continuous adjustment with the press. But at the threshold of the long future experiment it is well to have the accomplished record of the past. A. TAYLOR INNES.

* 'The Platform; its Rise and Progress.' By Henry Jephson. In two vols. (London: Macmillan and Co., 1892.)

THE RELIGION OF ISRAEL.*

The charge sometimes made against English scholars that they show little independence, and merely reflect the opinions of Continental critics, will hardly be brought against Professor Robertson. His *rôle* is that of a sceptic, for to his mind faith in Continental theories has prevailed so long that the age of scepticism in regard to them has naturally come round. His book is an assault on such theories along the whole line, and the attack is sustained with great spirit, abundance of learning, and—it must be said—conspicuous fairness. Those who may not have in their hands the authors against whom he chiefly wages war, will find their positions stated with remarkable clearness, and the real meaning of the issues which they raise sharply defined. A work like this ought to have been dull, but it is not. Though the characteristics of the book be shrewd sense and ability, gleams of humour lighten up the pages so often, and there is such an entertaining by-play of dexterous thrusts at the adversary, that the reader hardly realises that he has in his hands a work of learning. Alto-

* 'The Early Religion of Israel.' The Baird Lecture for 1889. By James Robertson, D.D., Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Glasgow. (Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1892.)

gether the book will have to be reckoned with, and the author may expect to hear from those to whom he has sent his challenge.

Professor Robertson's position and purpose should be clearly understood. His work is not anti-critical, in the sense that he disputes the results of literary criticism of the Old Testament, or, indeed, cares much about them. It is only when these results and the methods by which they are reached endanger the thing which he considers important, that they engage his attention. Literary criticism and the object he has at heart can be clearly distinguished:—

"In point of fact the books of the Pentateuch, like the historical books which follow them, are anonymous. The book of Genesis gives no hint of its authorship, neither does the book of Leviticus; and the few passages found in the other books which speak of Moses writing such and such things "in a book," will be discovered on examination to refer to certain specific things. Indeed, the very fact of such expressions occurring within the books may even be taken as a presumption that it was not he who wrote the whole" (p. 44).

It is not the antiquity of the books in their present form, much less the names of those who composed them, that appear of importance to him; it is this: Common to all the books and all the authors of them there is a certain *view* of the history of the people, of the antiquity of its religion, of the nature of Jehovah its God, and of the knowledge of His nature from the birth of the nation or earlier, as well as of the way in which the people attained to this knowledge—not by natural evolution but by special divine teaching—and it is the historical character of this view which he is concerned to rescue. To this view he opposes another, the chief representatives of which are Kuenen, Stade, and Wellhausen. Perhaps in grouping these three together he does a certain injustice to the last-named scholar, who certainly appears to admit the moral character assigned to Jehovah from the Exodus. Such scholars acknowledge the Biblical view to be as Dr. Robertson states it, but they regard it as unhistorical. It is the view of the origins of the nation and of the nature of its God which prevailed in the eighth or perhaps ninth century, and is characteristic of this time when it "arose," but when represented in this age as existing in the time of Moses or in the time between Moses and Elijah, it is merely thrown back there from a later time. In short, it is characteristic of the writers of Israel, prophets and historians alike, that they want the historic sense. What prevails in their own day must have prevailed always and everywhere. Up to the time of the literary prophets the religion of Israel was a mere nature-religion like that of their neighbours; it was the prophets who created the idea of ethical monotheism, but so little were they accustomed to analyse their own minds that they imagined they had inherited from the past ideas which dawned for the first time upon themselves, and they charge the people with forsaking a religion of which the people knew nothing till they heard it from their own lips.

In opposition to this theory it is the broad general argument that the Biblical view is historical that the author conducts. Such an argument has a hundred ramifications, and these are pursued with much learning and thoughtfulness, and in a manner most instructive, not only to a general reader, but even to the specialist. Obviously, such a question cannot be brought to a simple test; the test in each case must be a general probability. Dr. Robertson asks his opponents to explain how ethical monotheism "arose" out of a nature-religion, as they are fond of saying. He asks how Israel, if on a level with the Canaanites to begin with, being numerically so small, turned the Canaanites into Israelites, instead of remaining on the same religious plane with them. If the religion of Israel had contained from the beginning higher elements, which had the task presented to them of assimilating and absorbing the lower religious and moral conceptions prevailing among the native races now become part of Israel, we can understand the ferment and struggle everywhere reflected in the pages of the prophets, but in no other way.

As an example of the author's method, reference may be made to his treatment of the early prophets, Amos and Hosea. He plants himself here because these writers, though not free from "interpolations," have been little tampered with. He points to the general education and intelligence which written prophecies implied, and to the singularly developed and varied religious phraseology of the writings, and asks whether such things do not imply a long antecedent religious reflection and life. These prophecies contain many allusions to patriarchal history, to the events of the Exodus, and later periods, and he points out that this history was one written on the national consciousness, and not the creation of any single writer. This history, filled with God from beginning to end, was the Bible of the prophets, common to them with the people, from which they read their lessons and drew their exhortations. The universal conviction of the prophets, too, is that they do not stand at the fountain, but far down the stream of religious life and faith, with a long line of predecessors before them. On broad grounds of probability is all this a delusion? A similar method of reasoning pervades the book. Dr. Robertson's work is a worthy contribution to a great question, not the question of literary criticism, but the one lying behind it, in which not scholars, but all religious minds have the deepest interest.

A. B. Davidson.

HANDBOOK OF GREEK ARCHÆOLOGY.*

This work gives in a concise yet interesting way the general principles of Greek art in its various branches, Numismatics alone excepted. It shows in every paragraph the thought and character of an author who has lived amid the artistic treasures of the British Museum until he has become so saturated with their spirit and so familiar with them, that he moves with perfect ease amid the details of a difficult and complicated subject. He has compressed a perilously great number of details into 473 pages; yet the ease with which he handles them saves them from tediousness, as the reader is led on from chapter to chapter in sympathy with the pleasure that the writer feels in his subject. It is not merely natural that Dr. Murray should take the majority of his illustrations from the rich collections under his charge; it is also advantageous, in a book that addresses itself primarily to English students, that they should have the opportunity of studying the original works, which the author has selected as typical instances of the principles that he states.

A brief introductory chapter defines the scope of the work. The book confines itself to the artistic side of Greek art, and avoids the interpretation of the subjects in which that art expressed itself. In the development of Greek art four periods are distinguished—(1) mere handicraft; (2) the imagination of the workman comes into play and gradually raises him into an artist; (3) maturity in skill and in imagination; (4) decaying imagination and negligent execution. But, amid the changes that mark the different periods, the student must never lose sight of that which remains unchanged throughout all periods and which constitutes "the essentially Greek element in works of art."

One chapter is devoted to the primitive period, describing the work in metal and glass, the engraved gems, and the pottery of the oldest cities. The widely spread class of pottery, often called Mycenæan, because found in great abundance and first distinctly observed as a class at Mycenæ, is called "Colonial" by Dr. Murray. He declines to admit the early date ascribed to this ware by Mr. Flinders Petrie and by many German authorities; it was still in use after 700 B.C., and Dr. Murray, refusing to fix any date for its commencement, evidently considers that a history of artistic development need not deal very minutely with a craftsmanship which may indeed have lasted a long time, but which was stationary and unprogressive.

Then follow eight chapters, each of which carries the history of one branch of art through the archaic stage, in which it is struggling towards ease in expressing itself, and the stage of maturity, to its decline and degradation. Over every chapter we are tempted to linger; but we can only

* 'Handbook of Greek Archæology.' By A. S. Murray, LL.D., F.S.A. With 19 plates, a frontispiece, and 141 woodcuts. (London: John Murray. 1892.)

call attention first to the writer's determination to discover the reasons of each change and the principle of development (a feature in which we may perhaps detect the influence of Semper, a writer too sober to be popular with the adventurous and the æsthetic schools of archæology), and secondly to the excellent chapter on Painting, a subject of which it is difficult to find any connected and comprehensive account.

With two notes we reluctantly lay aside an admirable book. On p. 95 Dr. Murray hardly does justice to that obscure and difficult adjective καλός (he will understand why we use these epithets of a word which beginners alone imagine to be simple). When an Athenian general like Miltiades is styled καλός on a vase, we do not believe that it is because he was "popular at the time for youth and beauty"; we would rather translate the phrase as "Hurrah for Miltiades."

We are also left uncertain whether he accepts the dominant view that the set of painters from Klitias to Euphronios, pp. 86-99, were Attic artists. He refers frequently to Athens in treating of them, and there would be little doubt in the case of any other writer that he followed the accepted view; but Dr. Murray has in other cases maintained his own opinion against the world (sometimes until the world has adopted his view), and we should be glad to have some explicit statement. He concludes a list of painters, which includes many of those reckoned as typically Athenian, with the name of Assteas, who is assuredly Tarentine. In so careful and accurate a writer, this cannot be taken as a slip; is it a hint that he does not accept the ruling view? W. M. Ramsay.

POTIPHAR'S WIFE, AND OTHER POEMS.*

Borrowing the language of lawyers and publishers, we should describe 'Potiphar's Wife' as a "good selling title." Those who are attracted by it will no doubt get their full pennyworth. For our part we regret that it was not left to slumber in black and white among the 'Other Poems' instead of flaunting in gold on the cover. For the fierce Light of Asia beats upon that old mummied scandal as audaciously as does the limelight of the proletarian Purist upon the family skeletons of his betters. The world cannot rest satisfied with the noble simplicity and clean-minded directness of the Biblical story; it must amplify and, under pretence of toning down, heighten the colours. In a novel we once read on the subject (by some pious German or other) Potiphera was called Sabrina, had a confidante, and conducted a prolix correspondence—in short, the amour dragged on its slow course much according to the rules of Scudéry. Sir Edwin is merciful in his brevity, but makes up for it by the fiery strength of his potion. True, he seems to have grasped that the moral of the story is not chastity at all, but rather fidelity to a trust, and loyalty to conscience; here he was probably guided by his Mohammedan authorities. His treatment is in harmony with the latest popular canons. Local colour and a certain air of Egyptology is imparted by a sprinkling of cacophonous names of deities, "Thmei, Phtah, Kneph, Pasht," etc., among which "Typhon" seems a little out of place; a good deal of attention has been paid to the architecture and wall paintings; nor is there any lack of palms, lotuses, and scarabs. For the rest, the poem is simply an imitation of Shakspere's 'Venus and Adonis'; inferior to it in poetic beauty, but vastly superior in what is after all the highest merit of lascivious poetry—there is much less of it. The construction is, however, judicious, and the climax well prepared. Some expressions are felicitous, but as a rule the straining after effect results in such dismal conceits as "the *ambered* satin of her nape and neck"—what is the receipt for ambering satin?; "thy brows which be *black* rainbows to thy *sun-like* eyes"—surely black rainbows just *over* the sun are a miracle beyond the omnipotence of Pasht or even Mumbo Jumbo; "coralled jaws," "scarabs set in sard"—why not sard set in scarabs?—or these descriptions of sculpture:

> "A musk deer here, in river reeds, breathes out
> The very musk-scent from him . . . . .
> . . . . . And next a grey fox watched—
> In syenite—doves on a tamarisk tree
> Done out of green rock. Wings and neck were matched
> In lazulite and moonstone—fair to see!"

Let us briefly annotate. "Musk deer," "river reeds"—possibly an allusion to the hippopotamus. "The very musk-scent"—how could sculpture convey the *scent* of an animal? Is a tamarisk a "tree" or a shrub in Egypt? "Done out of" savours of slang. "Green rock" goes oddly with the other precious materials. Conjecture—can "rock" be a familiar sweetmeat whereof the doves had been defrauded? Is "lazulite" a correct form for lapis lazuli, and what is "moonstone"? Is it opal or aquamarine, or soapstone or (following Wilkie Collins) a big diamond? Marry, but here is Egyptian darkness indeed!

Two other 'Egyptian Poems' remain. One is a very modern, familiar—too familiar—jingle about a pair of mummy slippers, the other a Macaulay Lay about a princess. Nor are the eight 'Japanese Poems' more successful. To be sure they betray a certain giddy buoyancy and abandonment which may be Japanese, but which might also be Irish. In fact, speaking without knowledge, we suspect that the difference between 'Egyptian' and 'Japanese' poems is pretty much a matter of changing the "Knephs" and "Pashts" into "Yoshi-Sans" and "Yuki-Sans." The longest poem, 'The Grateful Foxes,' to us seemed more poetical in Mr. Mitford's prose. 'Fuji-yama' is an echo of Dr. Syntax. 'The Musmee,' among other imagery, displays the following:

> "The Musmee's hair could teach the night
> How to grow dark, the raven's wing
> How to seem ebon! Grand the sight," etc.

In 'The Emperor's Breakfast' a good theme is prettily worked out, and the 'No Dance' is lively and interesting. The 'Other Poems' are up to the ordinary magazine level, save the two last, which are frantic attempts at fashionable Naval-Exhibition heroics. In the 'Topsail of the *Victory*,' Sir Edwin runs through his full gamut of "hallyard and clew, Cringle and tack and bolt-rope—clean and new," and of course, like a gallant landsman, out-marlingspikes Marryat himself. He apostrophises the sail as "Heroic Rags"! and the sailors as "British Jacks! aglow." In fact, the ode is a perfect burlesque, and 'The Frigate *Endymion*,' though more subdued, is not much better. Y. Y.

* 'Potiphar's Wife, and Other Poems.' By Sir Edwin Arnold. (Longmans.) 5s.

THE HOUSE BY THE MEDLAR TREE.*

By this translation most English readers have been given their first chance of making acquaintance with the work of Giovanni Verga. Perhaps some of them know that his 'Vita dei Campi' supplied the librettists of Mascagni's famous opera, "Cavalleria Rusticana," with their subject, but few know anything more. Yet, in his own special field, Verga is a great novelist. He is a realist, not of the kind that is said to be going out of fashion in France, and elsewhere too, at the present day, but a realist because he looks on at life fearless and unashamed, and trusts to facts to reveal their own poetry. If his point of view is not romantic, neither does he belittle human nature nor besmirch it. Nowhere in his work is his own hand seen. No method could be more impersonal, no plan seem more casual. A superficial reading might report the book to be a chaos, without visible arrangement at all. So far it resembles closely any patch of life in any given place and time—all cross lights, cross purposes, tangles, and irrelevancies at first sight. Look closer and longer, and the order, the governing impulses, the main currents are evident. I do not think an understanding eye will miss this in Verga even at the first glance, but some who read by preference only smooth-patterned fiction, with the writer always at hand to act as showman, may fail to guess that behind the scenes is a selector, full of

* 'The House by the Medlar Tree.' By Giovanni Verga. The translation by M. A. Craig. An Introduction by W. D. Howells. (Osgood, McIlvaine, and Co.)

clear purpose and deliberate art. 'The House by the Medlar Tree' is a story of a South Italian village. There are a great many characters—you make acquaintance with the whole village practically—and amongst them there is not much saintliness or much deep villainy. Some of them cheat a little; most of them gossip; some drink too much; many of them are vain and silly. They have none of them very elevated ideas. Their lives are hard, and neighbourly help and neighbourly oppression enter into the experience of all of them. There is little relief to the sordid poverty, to the monotonous sadness, and yet persistency in duty, loyalty to kith and kin, are known here as elsewhere. The characters are before you in almost bodily shape. 'Ntoni Malvoglia, the handsome, swaggering good-for-nothing; Mena, with her pent-up romance; Vespa, the shrew; Luca going off for a soldier; the revolutionary druggist, fighting wordily with the Vicar; the "flitting" from "the house by the medlar tree" when evil days have come; Padron 'Ntoni's visit to the clever lawyer—these are masterpieces of pathos or humour for you to gaze on, or pass by—they are not flourished obtrusively in your face. There is a fund of shrewd, worldly wisdom in the speech of the villagers. Padron 'Ntoni is a mine of proverbs, such as "Don't go after the girl at the window," and "Neighbours should be like the tiles on the roof, that carry water for each other"; and "When things grow too long they turn into snakes"; and "Even St. Joseph shaved himself first, and then the rest." With a marked absence of deliberate fine writing, perhaps there are not many novels that are more full of pictures, made up of few touches, but which say the last word on the matter to be presented. Take the farewell of old Malvoglia to life when, in the workhouse, he is told he may return to his old home again. "He said 'Yes, yes,' with his eyes, to which the light came back once more, and he tried to smile, with that smile of those who smile no more, or who smile for the last time, which stays planted in the heart like a knife." Or the description of the signs of the coming Easter; or the awe of the old fisherman and his grandsons in presence of the storm; or the girl "singing softly under her breath, like a bird in its nest, before the break of morning." Ye false realists, watch the silence with which the going away, worse than death, of Lia is chronicled, and learn how such a sorrow is best depicted.

Mr. Howell's introduction is enthusiastic, but he says not a word too much of the restrained power that is visible on every page of 'The House by the Medlar Tree.' G-Y.

PROBLEMS OF GREEK HISTORY.*

Mr. Mahaffy has chosen a rather misleading title, but we should be at a loss to suggest an appropriate one. His latest book may be regarded as a supplement to his previous works—an Apology, Defence, or, perhaps better, a Vindication, for, in reverting to his many controversies, he counts his slain with no small complacency, and when his theories have been confirmed by Busolt Holm or Schuchardt, he does not shrink from mentioning the fact. The volume deals with two cognate but distinct subjects. One is the history of Greek histories. This is concisely treated in the opening chapter, and further developed from time to time by subsequent references. As the writer himself points out, it has usually been easier for the French or German scholar to avoid political bias in his treatment of Greek history than for the English writer, who rarely detaches himself from a practical interest in contemporary politics. This bias Mr. Mahaffy himself betrays frankly enough; therefore it lends spirit to his arguments without seriously impairing his credit; nor is it more than a faint preference compared to the bigoted prejudice of Grote or Mitford. Now and then, however, he seems to hint rather than apply a moral; for instance, when (p. 139), in blaming the infatuated obstinacy of Demosthenes, he deplores "the peculiar mischief to a nation of having her fortunes at a great crisis entrusted to *old men*" (see also p. 192).

On the whole this review of previous historians is fair, and may be considered as permanent work. The other subject treated is necessarily of more temporary interest, being a survey of the present state of our knowledge of Greek history, of the latest additions made to it, and of the probable course which inquiry will take in the near future. But that interest is perhaps all the more vivid on that account; hence this volume, though less important than the author's 'Greek Life and Thought' or his 'Greek Literature,' will be read with equal eagerness. It is more accurate in its minor facts than some of its predecessors; Darius Ochus (p. 134), however, is put for Artaxerxes. To even enumerate the interesting questions handled in this book is here impossible, both from its discursive character and our limited space. The last chapter invites careful study, especially the remarks on Greek Art. Mr. Mahaffy still adheres (p. 129) to his view of the moral and political value of music, which some day may find more cordial acceptance. Both in the Preface and elsewhere his survey of the actual position of the Homeric controversy seems a little obscure and unsatisfactory. The fact is that not only have scholars not yet enjoyed breathing-time to get over recent discoveries, but that at present they may be said to live in the thick of discoveries. Indeed, it might fairly be urged that the time for theorizing has not yet come, and that the accumulation and estimation of data should be our main object. Hereafter it will be the blessed office of the explorer to reconcile the differences of Mr. Leaf and Mr. Mahaffy.

The plea for the Greek Tyrants (chap. iv.) finds no favour with a learned specialist who will review the book elsewhere; but for my own part I confess to have been impressed by Mr. Mahaffy's arguments. Just as the Scotch Whigs long monopolised English History, so Greek History is reflected upon us through the brilliant mirror of Greek democrats who blacken the Tyrants in a suspiciously conventional manner. Moreover—and this is the main point—if we regard the Age of Pericles as the culmination of a process of national development, I see not how we are to ignore the share in that gradual process which the constant recurrence of the Despots undoubtedly occupies. Democratic progress is surely but one phase of national progress. St. Louis may have been a bigot and Louis XIV. no friend to liberty, but that is no reason for destroying the Vendome column, or the Sainte Chapelle, or the Louvre, for without them and the great movements which they symbolise the French Republic could never have been what it is.

There is in some quarters an ungenerous tendency to disparage the work of this eminent Irish scholar. His faults, such as they are, lie on the surface. He is sometimes careless and inaccurate. It is only one kind of genius which is "the capacity for taking infinite pains." There is another genius which never takes pains at all. If it did it would not be genius. It usually says the right thing and says it most forcibly, though doubtless it may sometimes fall into petty errors. The infallibility of the pedant is a good thing—the sympathetic lucidity of the born teacher is still better. Taking Mr. Mahaffy's books as a whole, I should venture to think that they have done more to advance and spread and stimulate a genuine interest in Ancient Learning than those of any other of our scholars. His own solid attainments, the learning which he assimilates from others, and his keen if somewhat impulsive judgments, are abundant qualifications for his task. But he possesses others. Objections have been raised by pedants to his lively and almost undignified allusions to "modern instances," and to the vein of aggressive personality which runs through his books; but these are only the ungraceful graces of his style. To call him a populariser is unfair. Popular he is, but in the best sense. For he is always readable, always instructive, always stimulating. Coincident with the decay of classical scholarship as a branch of education, there is springing up in the middle, and even in the lower classes, a keen curiosity to know something about the real contents of those splendid Greek works which have long been dangled before the people's eyes as sealed oracles. That curiosity Mr. Mahaffy satisfies as no one else can or will. By his rare didactic gifts and by his lively sympathy he brings the modern reader into communion with the ancient mind. Any of our eager students—and there are thousands of them—who has little Latin and no Greek, could easily acquire from Mr. Mahaffy's works a sound general view of Greek literature such as few of the alumni and not all of the teachers of Eton and Oxford possess. Y. Y.

* 'Problems of Greek History.' By J. P. Mahaffy. (Macmillan.)

THE LESSON OF THE MASTER.*

The first story of this volume, with a slight difference in treatment, might have turned out to be a tragedy. Mr. James works us up to a keen sense of the solemn possibilities of the case, and just as we are expecting edification, he laughs in his sleeve and runs away. That is a trick of some story-tellers, and a very convenient one if the performers be skilful. It gets them out of difficult situations, and relieves them from the necessity of being emotional, so painful to a well-bred writer of fiction. Mr. James has chosen a subject of much significance and of not uncommon occurrence in the world of artists—the debasement of talents to make them marketable. The holder of the talents, St. George, is conscious of his degradation, and is benevolently full of warnings to a robuster young brother of the craft. The young brother is tenderly appreciative of the generosity of the warnings, and the humility involved in the confession of the elder man touches him to the quick of his nature. He, along with the reader, receives a rude shock when, circumstances arising that make a return to earlier ideals possible to St. George, the broad path of smug worldly comfort is still the chosen of the Master. But of course Mr. James is right. The characters he has drawn are not great creations, but three of them have the everyday modern reality of photographs. We know some living, breathing human beings sat for them. There is the Master himself, expansive, beaming with *bonhomie* and worldly graces. He knows where he fell from, but the earth on which he alighted is good, too, and vastly more convenient than the heights above. Though his remorse causes him sometimes to speak the language of tragedy, it never alters the tenour of his life. And why should it? He is such a good fellow, so full of the high spirits of success. And the Master's pretty wife, of the Parisian clothes and administrative ability, to whom he owes his fall and his comfortable income, is another living portrait. A better one still is perhaps the young and beautiful Anglo-Indian, so athirst for direct inspiration from poets' and artists' own lips, who has literary lions at her feet by quoting, in all sincerity, their books, and concerning whom it wants the astuteness of the Master to see that she is bound to be, by her environment and her sex, a Philistine at bottom. We have all met her in literary circles, or more frequently, just outside.

The other stories in the volume are markedly inferior, though 'Brooksmith' is pathetic enough, and in 'The Pupil' we are not without interest in the honourable young cynic who grows up somehow in the midst of an amiable family of adventurers. Perhaps Mr. James once made a vow to write a ghost story. He has got the vow off his mind now. Sir Edward Orme is a ghost, and also a malicious bore who ruins an old lady's peace of mind for no adequate reason whatsoever. Let us hope Mr. James feels no obligation to make further attempts in this direction. A graceful habitué of *salons*, he is peculiarly from home in the neighbourhood of tomb-stones.

MARAH.†

This is a poem, or rather a sequence of poems representing successive stages of feeling. And the sum of all these stages is "Marah. Nor can speech express more bitterness." After the beginning of love comes the fading away of illusions, then the hard knowledge of life and of evil, ending in despair and madness. The earlier poems have not all the lightheartedness they would fain express, and some of them strike us as eminently prosaic. The best of the songs of experience remind us in a distant way of Heine—Heine with a difference. The acid is there, but the pen is a blunter one. The cynicism is expressed rather in hard knocks than in stings, and there is something cumbrous in this exposition of the antagonism between two natures that at an earlier stage were unconscious of differences—

"Genius, sufficing to itself, abounds
In its own being. Love can but fulfil
Its being in another. Woman founds
Her power upon the ruins of Man's will.

The love she gives him costs a kingdom's price,
Tho' freely given the gift. It takes away
His grandeur from him. And that sacrifice
She neither understands, nor can repay."

The later poems are the best—the best of all is, perhaps, 'Selene,' where he asks the moon to

"Bless the pale pleasures of my love and me,
Whose day of life, like thine, is the dark night!
From all the world I have chosen one like thee
For my delight.

No burning pulse her livid beauty warms,
But light that maddens the moon-stricken brain
Is in her looks, and in her cold white arms
Are dreams insane."

And in the picture of the 'Storm'—a grey storm, without fire or thunder, only "a grisly chaos"—the poet has risen far above the level that his own work has bidden us expect.

A longer and more elaborate poem was also ready for publication at Lord Lytton's death, we learn from the preface. It will be awaited with the more eagerness that this little volume proves that Owen Meredith had not lost his cunning when he laid aside the pen.

GRANIA.*

When the writer of a novel, the scenes of which lie where polite speech is not spoken, announces at the outset that she does not mean to bother about dialect, readers are apt to come to the book rather in a spirit of criticism and prejudice. Even though they may have no undue fondness for dialect themselves, they feel that such a disrespectful allusion to it may point to a general slovenliness of execution. Yet in Miss Lawless's newest story this is far from being the case. The scenes and characters are drawn from nature. The conversations are exceptionally good; the turn of their phrases, their repetitions, circumlocutions, and figures of speech are finely reproduced. Grania is an Irish girl, living on one of the barren isles in Galway Bay. She is beautiful, of uncommon physical strength, and with a passionate soul, restrained by daily hardship, a narrow and arid life, and the constant care of a dying sister, Honor. Honor is meek by nature and chastened by religion and suffering, while Grania has no religious convictions whatsoever, and a more than usual capacity for living and enjoying. Murdough Blake, her plausible, self-indulgent lover accepts her devotion willingly enough, but his character prevents, and convention forbids, any evidences of affection on his part, and the poor girl's tragedy is her unsatisfied thirst for life and feeling which are utterly denied to her, though, indeed, her death comes about otherwise, through her heroic attempt to dare all to bring ghostly comfort to her sister's dying hours. There is no relief to the gloom of the story from any side. All the islanders live under the shadow. Had Murdough's life when he goes to the mainland been described, it might not have been edifying, but it would have broken the monotony of the gloom. Now the sun does shine sometimes on Galway Bay, and with uncommon brightness too, and the light has not so utterly departed from the hearts of even the sombre islanders, as might be supposed from this most distressful story—a picture of life not unfaithful, but surely incomplete. One of the most interesting features of the book is the description it contains of the strict conventional rules with which Irish peasant life—especially in the remoter parts—is bound about. 'Grania' is not exhilarating reading, but it is marked by real power and deep sympathy. Occasionally effects of peculiar force are produced, when, for instance, silently through the mist, comes Shan Daly's restraining hand that keeps back Murdough's better impulses, and sends Grania out to meet her death alone.

* 'The Lesson of the Master,' by Henry James, and other stories. 6s. (Macmillan and Co.)

† 'Marah.' By Owen Meredith. 6s. 6d. (Longmans, Green and Co.)

* 'Grania, or The Story of an Island.' By the Hon. Emily Lawless. 2 vols. (Smith, Elder and Co.)

AT THE CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

Diary of a Reader.

Feb. 28th.—The librarian assistants tell me there is nothing new, and in such a depressed tone that I instinctively glance at the windows to see whether the shutters are being put up. No, I find on the contrary that there is a brisk handing to and fro of 'Tess' and 'The Little Minister' (now in one volume) and 'David Grieve,' and Miss Braddon, and a close acquaintance with circulating libraries that do their work even in the very centre of things should have taught me that they have a large *clientèle*, mainly of single volume subscribers, who have no craving after novelty at all—to whom the early volumes of James Payn, or Charles Reade, or even Dickens and Scott are dealt out with admirable regularity. Amid the noise and bustle of the most modern hours of the day the distracted ears of the clerks are occasionally soothed by the sound of some gentle, archaic voice asking for 'Essays and Reviews' or 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' And the "nothing new" is not a serious statement after all. There is certainly a lull, but that makes one more expectant. Though the British householder be threatened with periodical coal famines, and is warned of many distressful calamities that will befall him, he may depend on having his novel "reg'lar." The supply is from a thoroughly dependable source.

They have given me Mr. Conan Doyle's 'Doings of Raffles Haw.' Raffles, it seemed to me, must be a jovial kind of fellow. He couldn't have any sickly sentiment about him at all. I have been cruelly deceived. His story is a mixture of Jules Verne, the Arabian Nights, and Edward Bellamy. A million a week, all the climates of the earth under one roof, and schemes for the easy connection of the antipodes by quick subterranean transit, may touch the imagination but not the sympathies, and it is somewhat of a relief when Raffles feels that his life is a mistake, which must be thoroughly and finally corrected.

After this, ordinary modern life seemed full of interest and romance, and Mrs. Oliphant promised good sense and cheerfulness at least. But there is something wrong with 'The Marriage of Elinor.' I think it must be in the morality. I don't refer to the quibble by which Elinor got her disreputable husband off a punishment he richly deserved; but what is the motive of the ending? Is it for the sake of the reader's comfort, or out of respect to the peerage? bless its soul! There never was a shadier transaction than that reconciliation.

A volume of the Whitefriars Library has turned up in the same packet, Mr. Lucy's 'Faces and Places,' consisting of some collected bits of journalism. On the whole, 'Toby' is here in a serious mood. He has introduced me to the preachers he has known, and given me lessons in good listening, and he has told me how to become a journalist. But he is full of bright chat, and I have been rubbing shoulders in his company, with the 'Claimant,' and have been up in a balloon with Colonel Burnaby. I have spent some very pleasant quarters of an hour over the little volume, though perhaps newspaper extracts have not their first strong effect when they lose their setting.

March 9th.—'Green Tea' is a title worth inventing. I am not sure what it suggests, even after reading the story. Nightmare, perhaps, but not late hours pent in a city. There is a scent of apples in the air from a Western orchard, and a feeling of air and space and freedom. The freedom enters largely into the manners of the Arcadians, and the amount of flirting of a bucolic, uproarious kind that goes on, is warranted to scare away the timid. And, yet, there is much delicacy of touch withal, in its delineation. The illusion—the effect of the 'Green Tea,' I suppose—is worked up and kept up marvellously. I wonder if any readers have been clever enough to see all along the dance the clever writer has been leading them.

There is a plot much in vogue just now, it would seem. It is making the heroine—always the heroine—lose her memory. Mr. Grant Allen used it quite lately. Mr. Clark Russell has done so still more recently in 'Alone on a Wide Wide Sea,' and Mr. Wills in 'His Sister's Hand.' It is not a new contrivance after all, and novelists in search of tricks and contrivances, should be warned that readers have had enough of this one. Yet Mr. Russell's is a lively story. The adventurous lady, who will go to sea in a pleasure-boat without her husband, is an awful warning. Misfortunes hail thick on her head. A storm comes on; her boatman dies of heart disease, and falls overboard. She is picked up with her hair white and her memory gone. When at last she reaches home domestic complications have arisen, and they are not cleared away without some further discomforts. Mr. Wills' tale doesn't smell of the salt sea. It is more mysterious. Telepathists will find it of interest, and it is calculated to rouse the anger of respectable family solicitors. But a rumour is abroad that the publishers threaten awful things against those who disclose the ending, and even in the obscurity of my diary, I refrain.

March 21st.—The other day bent on the edification of my family circle, and guided by a weekly literary journal in which I have always placed confidence, I scanned the names of serious works before making out my library list. From the theological section I picked out one with an attractive title, 'The Lesson of the Master,' and only when Mr. Henry James' latest volume of stories was handed me did I find how basely I had been deceived. He is not yet amongst the prophets—or the theologians. The work has never reached the maiden relatives for whose benefit I had been anxious. Instead, I brought back Loti, in an English dress, a little strange, but by no means a misfit, and 'The Book of Pity and of Death,' in Mr. O'Connor's version, will probably soon become naturalised. Along with it came 'Sybil Knox.' Sybil is a superior person, though she disclaims it loudly. When she brooded over her return to America after years of Italy she foresaw difficulties. These arose in due course in her contact with provincials, as all will find who read her story in the new volume of Cassell's International Series. Her devoted knight errant fights modern dragons, in the shape of railway wreckers, for her sake, and has his reward. The historical flavour about Miss Harland's tale, 'His Great Self,' is somewhat faint and uncertain, but if one can forget its ambitious aim, it is a good story. But what a name to launch a book with! Is it fitting to fill a reader's mind with prejudices against the personages of the tale before they come on the scene at all? Uncle Remus makes a casual re-appearance in 'A Plantation Printer,' and as he is supposed to be good company, he

ought to make the book a favourite. I don't resent his presence, but he isn't an indispensable attraction, and without him youngsters would readily have made friends with the plucky printer's boy, who was on such good terms with the world.

No new books, did they say? Why they offered themselves in shoals:—'A Man and a Brother,' 'The King of the Castle,' 'Priest and Prelate.' The last I brought home. It is a new study of clerical life, and promises to be worthy of the author of 'The Outcasts.'

Book clubs have not this month a very brilliant list to choose from, but it is varied enough.

History.

O. Browning, The Flight to Varennes, and Other Historical Essays.
Freeman, Historical Essays.
Freeman, History of Sicily. Vol. 3.
Cook, Old Touraine.
Jessop, The Coming of the Friars (new ed.).
Mahaffy, Problems in Greek History.
Recollections of Marshall Macdonald.

Fiction.

Barrie, The Little Minister. One vol.
Conan Doyle, The Doings of Raffles Haw.
Hale, Sybil Knox.
Harland, His Great Self.
Chandler Harris, A Plantation Printer.
James, The Lesson of the Master.
Lawless, Grania, the Story of an Island.
Jonas Lee, The Commodore's Daughters.
Loti, The Book of Pity and of Death.
Nestorien, In Sin or Folly?
Oliphant, The Marriage of Elinor.
Priest and Prelate.

Fiction—*continued.*

Clark Russell, Alone in a Wide Wide Sea.
A. Sargeant, An East Indian Mystery.
Sienkiewicz, With Fire and Sword.

Biography.

Vernon Heath, Recollections.
Oldcastle, Memorials of Cardinal Manning.
Praeger, Wagner as I Knew Him.
Sharp, Life and Letters of Joseph Severn.
Yonge, Our Great Military Commander.

Poetry and the Drama.

Arnold, Sir E., Potiphar's Wife.
Craigmyle, German Ballads.
Owen Meredith, Marah.
Orpen, Song of Dermot and the Earl.
Pinero, The Hobby Horse.
Todd, Mediæval Scottish Poetry.

Miscellaneous.

Britannic Confederation.
Lucy, Faces and Places.
The Athenian Oracle.
Wolstonecraft, A Vindication of the Rights of Women, with Introduction by Mrs. Pennell.
Woods, English Social Movements.

THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

TO YOUNG AUTHORS.

☞ The experience of five months justifies one or two general remarks on the quality of the MSS. sent to The Bookman by young authors. On the whole they have shown average talent, and in a few cases much more. The best, so far as style is concerned, have been stories. The lowest point has been reached by humorous writers and versifiers, though there have been a few stars amongst them too. The essay literature has been rather heavy, and of the kind not acceptable by magazines, yet some of the most serious and painstaking attempts belong to this class. The commonest defects in all are (1) slovenly English, (2) lack of simplicity, and (3) a want of concentration on the subject in hand. Young authors, or nine-tenths of them, would do well to take somewhat more severe stylists for their models than they seem to do. Grasp and accuracy are what are most lacking.

As an incentive to efforts after really good writing we propose to offer from time to time

A PRIZE OF TWO GUINEAS

for some composition which will test and discipline the judgment and style of young writers. Regular contributors to periodicals or newspapers will not be eligible as competitors. The MSS. must not exceed 1000 words in length. The word "Prize" must be written on the wrapper, and competitors must in addition conform to the regulations for the "Young Author's Page" to be found in The Bookman for February. They are invited to send in, not later than May 1st, a criticism—an independent judgment—of 'Wuthering Heights.' Popular editions are published by Messrs. Smith and Elder, and other firms.

Other MSS. will be examined as usual.

Aliquis.—A good story. It is not told with much skill, but it would probably be of interest in the town where the scene is laid. You make either too much or not enough of the Digby incident.

Allah Akbar.—Your views are suitable to your age, we feel sure, and we admire your fine consistency. This bit of special pleading is evidently meant for a debating society.

Apex.—The subject is not without interest to outsiders, but you have not made the most of it. A little less of the old ladies and more of the subject of your sketch would have been preferable. Even at the end he is no reality to us.

Ariel.—A very creditable attempt at what is all but impossible nowadays. Read "There is a garden in her face," or Fletcher's "Oh, fair, sweet face! oh, eyes, celestial bright," and afterwards be your own critic. But the song shows a distinct talent for verse-making. No. 2 is commonplace.

Doonna Barbara.—A very good story. It is quite worth sending to some popular magazine.

Bulstrode.—No. 1, poor; No 2, passably versified, but commonplace.

Butterpaper.—Even if the story were accepted by a paper of a certain order, it would be a poor success. The style is as bad as possible. The conversation may be true to the kind of life you deal with, but it is a dull kind of life that expresses itself so.

B. Carthen.—You should make up your mind what metre you mean to use, and stick to it, which you hardly do for two verses on end. "Rife" is not a fitting adjective to apply to "hearts" or "heartha." What is the meaning of stanza 3? and what is the antecedent of "that" in line 2 of the last stanza? It is very doubtful whether you would ever do anything worthy in verse-making.

Dawn.—We don't like the story at all. The reader can have no sympathy or interest in the heroine after the first scene, where she is so vulgarly foolish. Tales of actors or actresses about whom the whole town is ringing, yet whose power the reader is never made to feel, are always unsuccessful. The whole tale reads like Ouida and water.

Coralie Delavour.—Have the verses set to music. We feel sure they would make a popular drawing-room ditty, where such sentiments are always in vogue. We don't think they'd be accepted by any magazine.

Ayron Doon.—You are evidently trying to hit two birds with one stone in your satire. Perhaps that is why you miss both. It seems as if you hardly understood the tendencies you satirize. Still it is funny, in parts.

Epsilon.—A very thoughtful essay, which shows a real appreciation of the value of literature. On p. 7 there is an exaggeration which does not help out your case. The paper would form a good basis for a discussion at a literary society. As to style, there is nothing remarkable about it; but you write with care and accuracy.

Essylt.—As an exercise in writing English, your paper merits commendation—not otherwise. The matter of it is full of crudities of thinking and inaccuracies of statement; pp. 16 and 17 will serve as an example.

Eugene Frost.—Is No. 1 a serious or a comic production? On the latter supposition it is excellent. Pardon our density. The sentiments in No. 2 are admirable, but there was little need to express them again. Still as you have done so, we should advise you to sing the anthem at a political meeting. Don't send either to a magazine.

Hamlet.—The sentiments in your verse are such as would be very popular in a drawing room song. If a musical friend finds a tune for it, he may wish the first four lines of the last stanza altered. They are harsh and unsingable. Such songs as yours are valueless as literature, but they have, we believe, a distinct value in the musical market.

Grenna Hirste.—The story is commonplace, and so is the treatment of it, but for a first attempt it is not hopeless. By all means try again, but next time construct a plot with more interest, or put some individuality into the characters. If possible, do both.

Hope.—Satirical writing is clearly your strong point. Perhaps you had best stick to it. The only set of verses of a different character that are passable, is that on the Moon. Omit the last stanza, which is prosy, and don't call the moon "a flag." The others are very commonplace in thought. The first parody, if irreverent, is good. The second is schoolboyish, and No. 3 (very irregular in metre, by the bye) is a poor bit of cynicism.

M. V. G. H.—Very weak. There is some sense in Nos. 4 and 5, and in the type-written stanza, but you have hardly an average power of expression, and the "life's creed" is what no one with any literary understanding could have perpetrated. It strikes us you may have some ideas floating about vaguely. Set them down in prose, and we shall be glad to do justice to them.

S. H.—A thoughtful study. It would have been better had you planned out more clearly the lines on which you were to base your criticism, which is sometimes involved and even muddled. Its wordiness is possibly explained by its having been written for reading at a literary society. This kind of exercise is a useful accompaniment to your reading.

Joan.—What you call the "mere exercise" is poor. It strikes us as an unsuccessful attempt at caustic writing, and even with your explanatory note, we do not understand half of it. But the other, if not good, is promising. It is slight, and even for its kind, a little too rhapsodical, but it shows imagination and a real effort towards adequate expression.

Judy.—A good story, quite worth publishing if you can persuade an editor to accept it.

JULIA.—So unlikely an incident, that it must be taken from real life. The versifying is fair, but "hot desire" hardly expresses an old woman's kindliness towards her fellow-creatures.

KISMET.—Prettily written, and with more force than your former ones. But there isn't any burning interest in the plot. This would have a fair chance of acceptance by a magazine.

KRISHNA.—A good schoolgirl's essay. There is too much quotation, however, and too little thought of your own in the composition.

H. B. LEWES.—You "pursue" them with rather a heavy tread. That's why you don't succeed. The burden of the poem is a sad confession for a poet to make. When you find them you'll write better verse. The motive of the poem is, however, not bad, but the images are very ordinary and conventional, more especially in stanzas 3 and 4.

A. L. L.—Good on the whole. We think that the motive for the deed should be made a little more evident. The ending is very conventional, and if true to life, would the words have been written?

A. R. O. L.—The subject is good, but probably no magazine would accept these verses. Read them aloud, and listen to their irregularity, their carelessness of form. Page 2 will serve as an example. Quite a minor defect is the puzzling absence of punctuation.

F. M.—The idea is not bad, but it is not very skilfully worked out. The paper is not worth sending anywhere, but it is quite promising enough to justify your making further experiments in writing. "Preference to," p. 1, is wrong, and you have used a word on the last page you evidently don't know the meaning of.

NIL SINE LABORE.—Your verses have no merit.

PALIN.—The story seems to be fairly well translated, and a publisher of children's stories might accept it, though the old-fashioned moralising tone about it would not tend to its popularity.

RETSIL.—Amusing enough. It is worth sending to some short story journal. But revise it first. There are several grammatical mistakes.

REX.—They have little or no merit.

AMY ROBSART.—A very good story, considering your age. Suppose you try your hand on some other kind of writing than fiction.

ROGER.—Pretty verses, but in no ways remarkable. Their brevity is a virtue which might plead for their acceptance in some "Poet's Corner" of a newspaper.

SHAMROCK.—There is abundant evidence in your essay of an unusual observation and love of nature. But such a description as you have attempted is bound to be a little monotonous. The same amount of observation condensed into a few bright paragraphs, each of them a crisp picture of a mood of an autumn day, would be far more effective. At least, if you wish to keep the essay form, omit a good many of the moral reflections. They are trite.

TRUTH.—Yours is the attempt of evidently a very young beginner. If you write more stories for your own amusement, give them English titles.

TULIP.—Not a very promising beginning, but probably you could make a good children's story out of it. The conversation is the weakest part. It is unlike children's talk.

TUNDO TUDOR.—The situation is a good one, and the story is a conscientious and painstaking piece of work. But it is told in a very tedious fashion, and your hero proses intolerably. You could make a good story out of it, but you would have to cut it down without mercy. For instance, the opening situation might be made clear in a few sentences, and the elaborate descriptions of the guests at the "social evenings" are of no use at all.

T. G. Z.—The idea of the verses is so poetical that it would be worth while to revise the wording somewhat. We should be inclined to advise you to sacrifice verse 1. There is an obvious fault of rhyme in verse 7. In stanza 8, lines 3 and 4 are too ponderous. The line that describes the parish priest might be improved, so might the one beginning, "And I have naught."

ZELIA.—We cannot commend your verses.

SHAMROCK.—No. 1 is the best. It is a pretty fancy, but there is something wrong with the last lines of stanzas 3 and 6. No. 2 is fairly good descriptive prose, not poetry. No. 3 is good in form, but contains nothing original.

AUBREY SCOTT.—Very poor. The incident as you tell it has little interest, and the writing is hardly average. What do you mean by people who are "literary through and through"? The description of the interior on p. 2 is quite out of proportion to its importance.

SALAMMBO.—Your essay has two capital defects. 1st. You have a case, but you haven't proved it. 2nd. The seven pages might be reduced to two. Strip your essay of its repetitions. It will gain in effect, and enable you to see how unproved your assertions are.

TENERORUM LUSOR AMORUM.—"True poetry?" No, but skilful versifying. In No. 1, verse 2 is a little commonplace. No. 2 is a good specimen of "album verses." From the sample you send it is impossable to say more.

W. J. T.—Amusing and something more.

ALICE VANE.—The rhymes in the dialogue are stiff and awkward. The song is better, though stanza 4 is poor. But neither are unpromising.

VIGILANDO MUNIO.—No. 1 very good; "kirkyard" is out of place. Line 1 stanza 3 is faulty. The "Envoy" is poor. No. 2, rather clumsy. No. 3, pretty and graceful. But why not "summer leaves" in the last verse?

CHARLES WESSEX.—Avoid roundabout attempts at wit like that in your first sentence as you would—well, the individual you refer to. You have some power of description, but your language might be simpler. Words and phrases like "prismatic sheen," "trend," "umbrageous," are too frequent.

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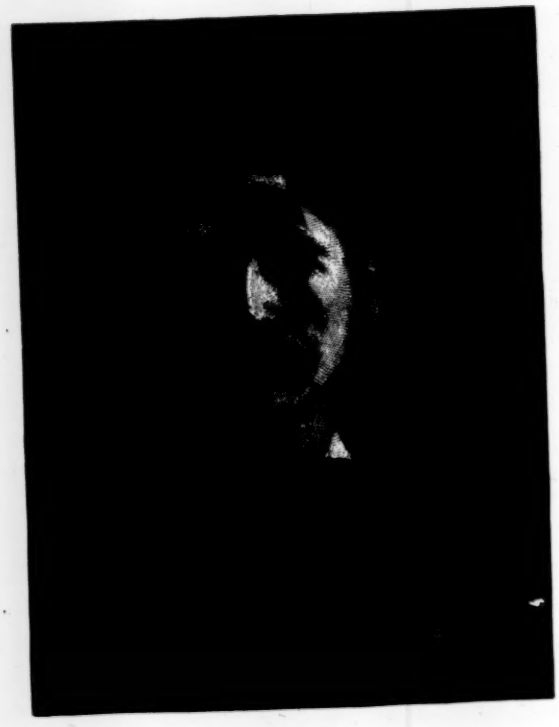

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